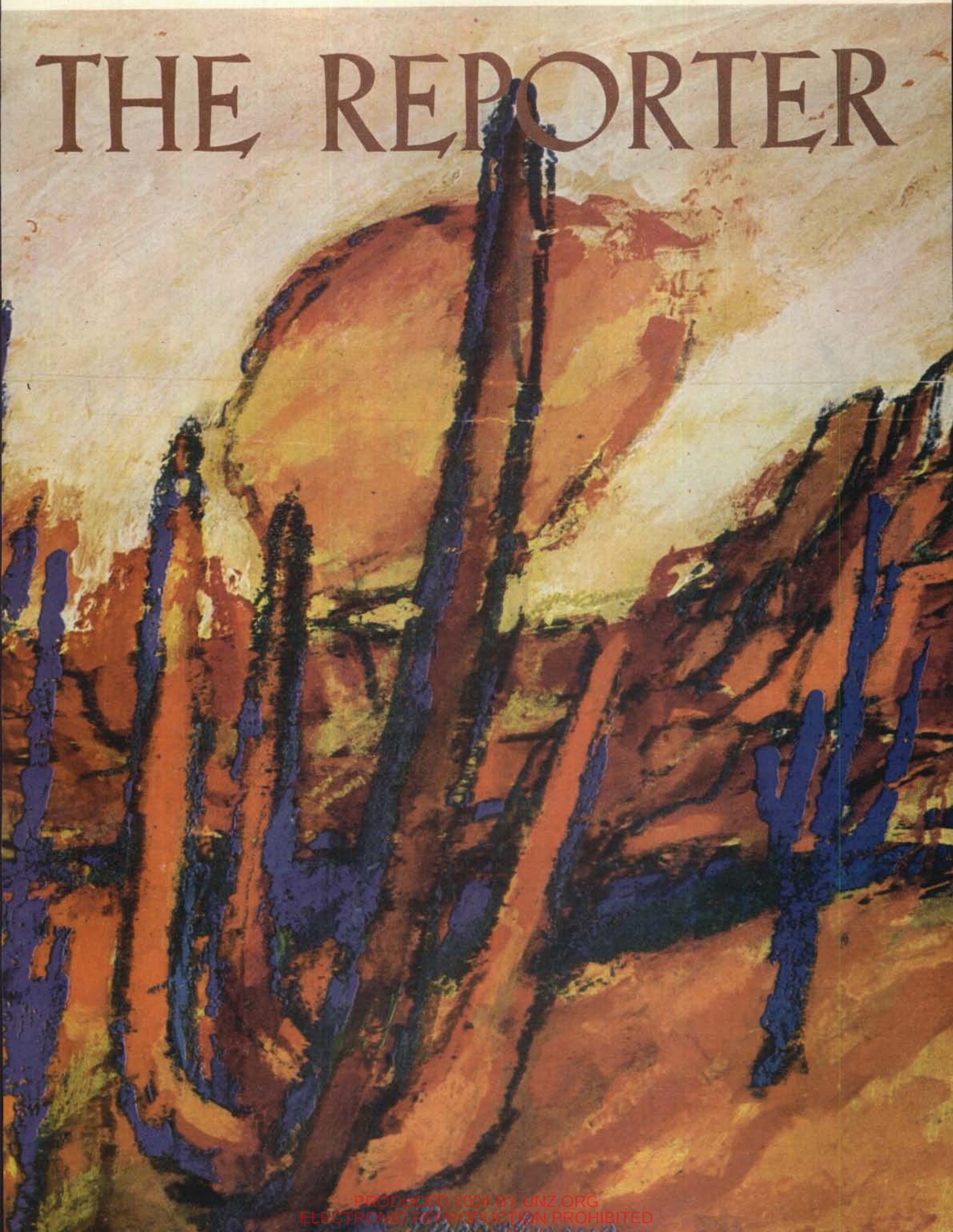
The G.O.P. Against Itself

DOC July 2, 1964 35¢

New York's 'Jim Crow' Schools

THE REPORTER



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The Odd Lot System

of the New York Stock Exchange.

Read how this unique system makes buying and selling even a single share of stock so quick and easy.

Finding a buyer for just one share of stock, when you want to sell, may have the ring of the needle-in-the-haystack problem. But a remarkable system at the New York Stock Exchange has helped make it possible, and for most stocks usually in a matter of minutes.

It's called the odd-lot system.

In the early days of the Exchange's 172-year history, investors traded in any number of shares. As the years passed, trading tended to concentrate in round lots, usually 100 shares. Finding buyers and sellers for smaller amounts became increasingly difficult. So dealers began to specialize in buying and selling odd lots of 1 to 99 shares, dealing with other Exchange Members with such orders to execute for their customers.

Round lots still account for some 92% of the shares bought and sold by the public on the Exchange. But odd-lot dealers execute more than one-third of all the public orders.

Here's how the unique odd-lot system works:

■ You order your Member Firm broker to buy or sell any number of shares from 1 to 99.

■ Your order is relayed to the post on the floor of the Exchange where your stock is traded. There it is picked up by an odd-lot dealer.

■ One of the most important features of the odd-lot system is that if you place your order "at the market," meaning the prevailing market price, the dealer executes it at a price based on the first round-lot sale after he receives your order.

For example, if you're selling an odd lot and the round-lot price for 100 shares is under $40 a share, the odd-lot dealer buys your stock for 1/8 of a point (12½¢) a share under that price. If it is $40 or higher, he gives you ¼ of a point (25¢) a share less than the round-lot price. If you were buying, he would sell stock to you and add those figures to the round-lot price. The differential is the only compensation he gets for his service.

■ Counting your broker's regular commission and the odd-lot dealer's differential, the average cost of an odd-lot transaction on the New York Stock Exchange is estimated at just 1½% of the total amount involved. The percentage is higher for small orders, lower for big orders.

Your order is just one of many, of course. The odd-lot dealer is constantly buying odd lots when others want to sell, and selling when others want to buy. At times, a succession of orders may leave him with more shares than he wants, or fewer. To offset these transactions, he buys and sells in the round-lot market.

Like any businessman who takes a risk, his goal is to make a profit while carrying out his specialized functions.

The odd-lot system of the Exchange provides flexibility for the investor, big and small—the opportunity to buy or sell in an orderly market. This freedom to invest, then sell, then perhaps reinvest so easily in new or expanding businesses is one of the dynamic forces that characterize the American business scene.

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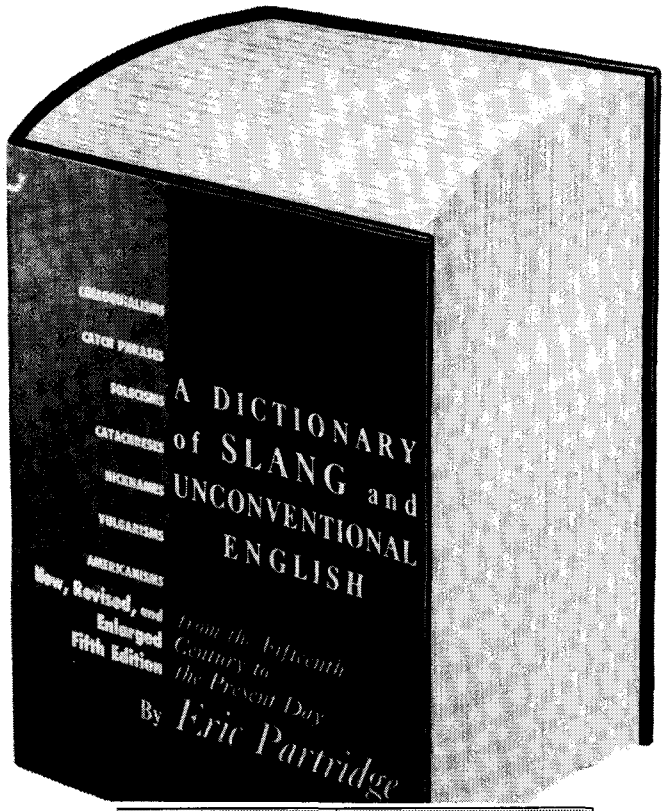

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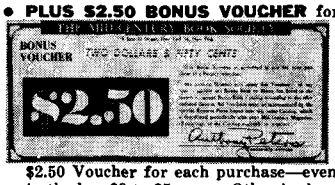

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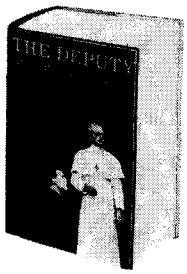

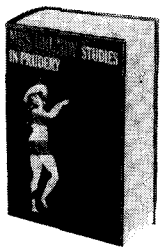

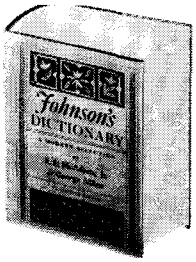

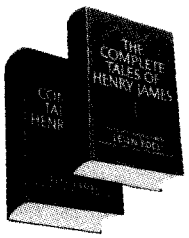

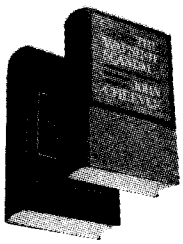

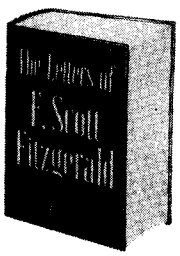

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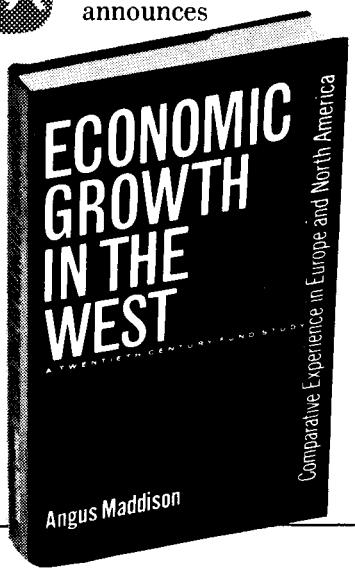

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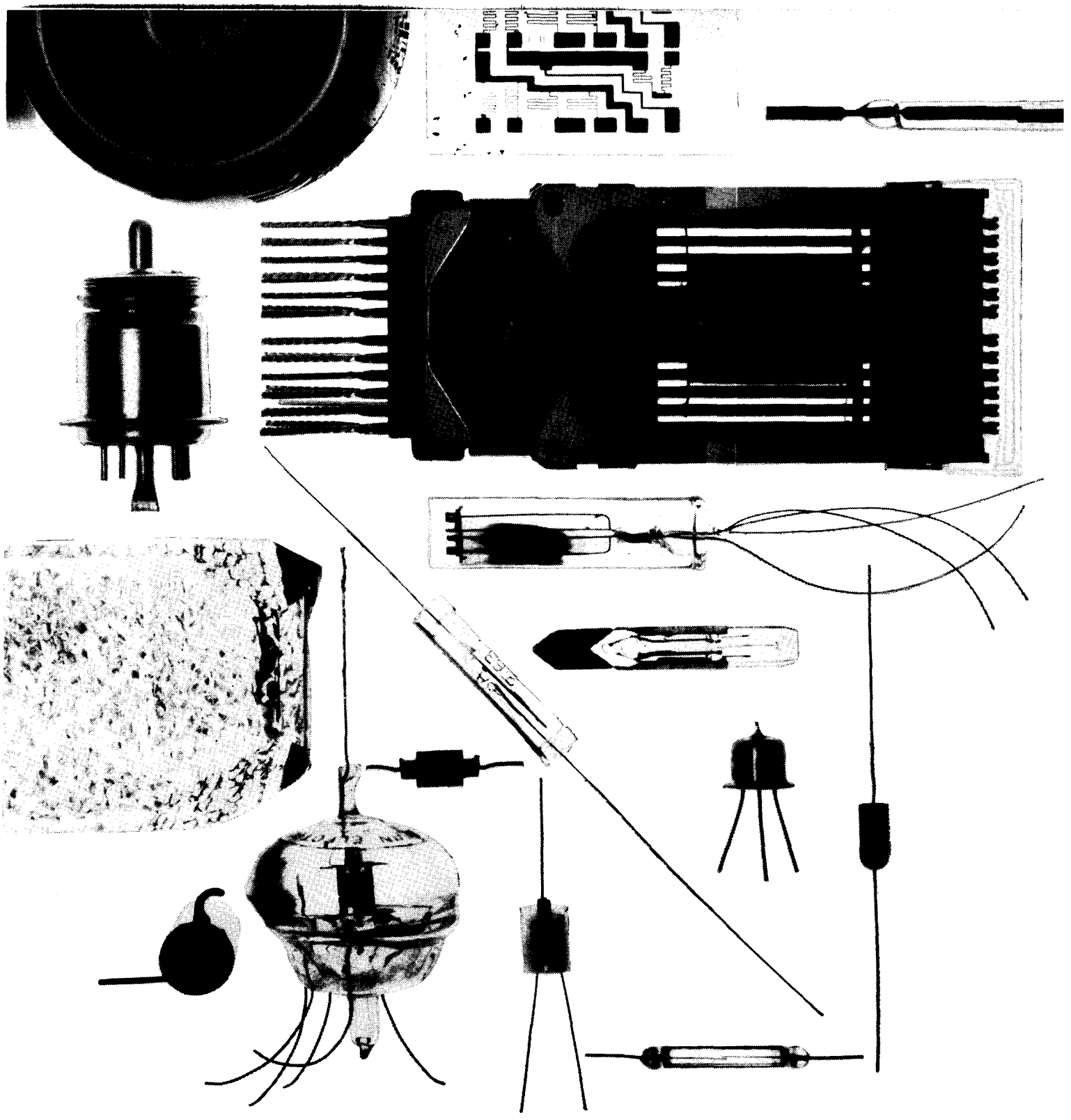

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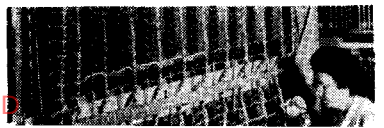

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SPECIAL SUPPLEMENT ISSUE on Mental Illness

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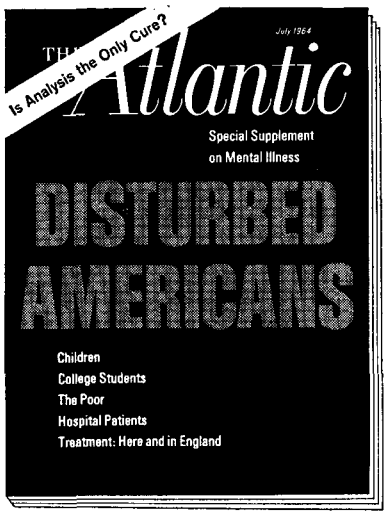

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WHO— WHAT— WHY—

THEY HAVE BOTH been called "Mr. Conservative," but the parallel breaks down on close examination. Compared to Goldwater, the late Senator Taft—methodical author of legislation supporting public housing and Federal aid to education—was a flaming liberal. Taft, for all the respect in which he was held, never had the grip on his party—much less on the convention delegates—that Goldwater has now. And finally, the opposition Goldwater faces is a belatedly patched-together coalition rather than a nonpartisan national hero. The lines are clearly drawn and there is actually much more at stake in 1964 than there was in 1952. No matter who wins the nomination or the election, the new breed of conservatives behind Goldwater are already much more than a minority faction of the Republican Party. They constitute a major force in American politics and will have to be reckoned with as such from now on.

Our report on the anti-Goldwater alliance is by **Paul Duke** of NBC News in Washington, whose article "The Waiting Game of William W. Scranton" appeared in our issue of February 27. . . . Governor Mark Hatfield of Oregon has been given the difficult task of making the keynote address at what is sure to be a deeply divided Republican convention in San Francisco a few weeks from now. His own positions on some of the fundamental questions that remain to be resolved are analyzed by **Julius Duscha** of the Washington *Post*. Mr. Duscha is the author of *Taxpayers' Hayride: The Farm Problem from the New Deal to the Billie Sol Estes Case* (Little, Brown). . . . The margin by which Goldwater beat Rockefeller in the California primary was a narrow one, but the 1,089,892 Republicans who voted for him were certainly not all crackpots and right-wing fanatics. **Bill Stout,** West Coast correspondent for CBS News, suggests that some of the factors that helped Goldwater in California are on the minds of voters in other states, too. In other words, the junior senator from Arizona may be a more formidable Presidential candidate than his detractors would like to think.

THE DIVISIVE factionalism within India's ruling Congress Party was generally obscured by the towering prestige of the late Jawaharlal Nehru. It was only natural, then, that the party should select its least controversial leader, Lal Bahadur Shastri, as the new prime minister. But, as **Rawle Knox** points out, Shastri's ascent to power did not go unopposed and the challenge to his leadership is far from ended. Mr. Knox covers India, Pakistan, Ceylon, and Burma for the *Daily Telegraph* of London. . . . Not the least of Shastri's problems is the setback his party suffered in the December elections in Goa, which is just one dramatic instance of the regional, religious, and racial conflicts that beset India. The situation is described for us by **Sundar Rajan,** an editorial writer for the *Times* of India. . . . Which comes first, education or integration? **Barbara Carter,** a member of our staff, describes the way New York City has been facing this dilemma in an article that throws light on nearly all large metropolitan school systems today. . . . When the incumbent coalition in Chile decided to ask for a vote of confidence in a by-election for the Chilean congress this spring, its left-wing opponents vigorously accepted the challenge and won a significant victory. What this will mean in Chile's November balloting is discussed by **Stanley Rothman,** who teaches in the Department of Government at Smith College.

BEHIND the euphemistic façade of places called "Sunset Gardens" for our "senior citizens" is a cold and sometimes brutal reality that the aged must often face alone and in ill health. The difficulties of retaining dignity at such a time are movingly re-created by the novelist **Anzia Yezierska,** who began writing short stories in 1918, some seventeen years after she arrived in New York from her native Russia at the age of sixteen. Her last book, a semi-autobiographical novel, *All I Could Never Be*, was published in 1932. . . . **Frederic V. Grunfeld** is the European editor of *Hi-Fi Stereo Review* and a regular contributor to these pages. . . . **Benjamin DeMott,** the author of *Hells and Benefits*, published in 1962 by Basic Books, teaches at Amherst College. . . . Being in the middle, as **Fernando Krahn** demonstrates, has certain disadvantages. . . . **Gerald Weales's** next book, *A Play and Its Parts*, will be published in the fall by Basic Books.

Our cover is by **David Passalacqua.**

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CORRESPONDENCE

THE SCHOOL-PRAYER ISSUE

To the Editor: I enjoyed Robert S. Gallagher's "God's Little Helpers" (*The Reporter*, June 4) very much, and I'm sure that it will help to stem the flood from our spiritual underworld.

From a theological point of view—and our religious liberty involves distinct theological values as well as political and constitutional achievement—the most dismaying aspect of the drive is that it reveals how many people are satisfied with "tokenism" in religion. This anxious attention to "nonsectarian prayers" and the willingness to manipulate the Bill of Rights to facilitate their use are equally abhorrent to believing Catholics, Jews, and Protestants.

Tokenism is just as contemptible in religion as it is in race, and, with the obvious benefits of religious liberty and voluntarism surrounding us, even less understandable. Of course, the fact is that, with the exception of a few confused champions of culture-religion, the real drive behind the prayer amendments comes from persons who have attacked the Supreme Court and the law of the land repeatedly in recent years. Mr. Gallagher is quite right in identifying them as the political lunatic fringe, even if a few Hollywood stars do hope to change the image of the film colony by getting in on a demonstration of public piety that won't cost very much.

FRANKLIN H. LITTELL
Chicago Theological Seminary

To the Editor: I hope that Mr. Gallagher's fine article on the school-prayer issue will be helpful in understanding something of the nature of the controversy that seems to center around the Becker Amendment. Frankly, I think that most people do not fully understand or appreciate the issue and need all the clarification they can get.

EDWIN H. TULLER
General Secretary
American Baptist Convention
Valley Forge, Pennsylvania

To the Editor: Mr. Gallagher's gratuitous smear of the "major portion of the House and the public" with the brush of right-wing extremism, racism, and simple stupidity is hardly becoming to himself and *The Reporter*. It is just as easy to picture those opposing prayers in the schools as evil Communists, nihilists, anarchists, and morally depraved atheists.

The simple truth is that there is no room for neutrality in the school-prayer issue. Children are not so sophisticated that they can grasp the significance of the church-state controversy. They are impressed with gross realities. School is the most important institution in the life of a child. His whole life is centered around it. If this institution does not find a place for religion, then he must come to the inescapable conclusion that it is not important. There is no middle ground. Whatever we do, we indoctrinate.

The Becker Amendment does not seek to alter the First Amendment. It simply seeks to nullify the novel interpretation that the Supreme Court has placed upon the First Amendment.

I would like to add that the vast majority of observant Orthodox Jews are for prayers in the schools. Unfortunately for us, those Jews who have been making public statements are the secularists, Conservative and Liberal Reform Rabbis, and the "modern" Orthodox, who are much closer to the Conservative Reform than to the true Orthodox, all of whom are united under the organization that calls itself the Synagogue Council of America.

RABBI MANUEL M. POLIAKOFF
Beth Isaac Adath Israel
Congregation
Baltimore

To the Editor: "God's Little Helpers" is a glaring exception to the objectivity and fairness in reporting and writing which is the rule in your magazine. How very little there was in the article which would actually assist anyone to weigh the pros and cons of the Becker Amendment. There was the unproven assumption that it would seriously alter the Bill of Rights and the citing of a number of red herrings, none of which have direct bearing on the amendment itself.

Contrary to the mockery implicit in the title, the concern of religious men in this question is not at all with what might happen to God if the recognition of His reality and supremacy is positively excluded from public schools or public life in general. Our concern is with the consequences of such positive exclusion in and to the American people and nation.

As the author says, the Supreme Court decisions were "historic." The fact is that if they stand unmodified, "the various religious elements in national tradition" *will* be affected and eventually elminated, for they all violate the stated principles of the court decisions. Temporizing *obita dicta* will not preserve them, for law is not built or developed on that basis.

THE REV. RAYMOND E. BIERLEIN
Ionia, Michigan

To the Editor: My compliments on an excellent article on the prayer issue.

JOHN V. LINDSAY
House of Representatives

FROM THE HILLS TO CHICAGO

To the Editor: Hal Bruno's "Chicago's Hillbilly Ghetto" (*The Reporter*, June

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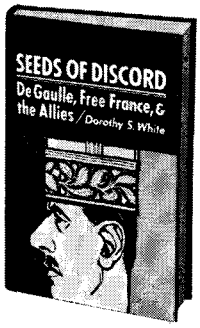

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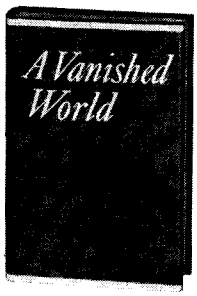

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4) is a fine example of depth reporting by a writer who took the time to know his subject. Mr. Bruno spent a great deal of time in the Uptown Chicago area conducting countless interviews. His questions were searching and his treatment of the subject sympathetic.

Since the author's visit, a number of important steps have been taken to help the rural migrant become assimilated into our community. One such step is that an Uptown firm has made a grant to the Council of the Southern Mountains, Inc., Berea, Kentucky, which has enabled the council to open an office in Uptown for the purpose of helping the newcomers overcome the problems encountered in urban living. We are confident that through such efforts, we will be able to convince all concerned that these newcomers can be a valuable asset to our city.

ROBERT J. O'ROURKE
Alderman, 48th Ward
Chicago

WALZEND MATHILDE?

To the Editor: Denis Warner's article "The Shadow and Substance of the ANZUS Pact" (*The Reporter,* June 4) was a model of its kind, but it seems to me that two points needed further development. His definition of ANZUS as standing for "American-New Zealand-United States" shows our country's constant willingness to assume two-thirds of the credit in any tripartite agreement, and could have profited from another paragraph of analysis. And Sir Garfield Barwick's resignation as Australia's External Affairs Minister "to become Chief Justice of the Austrian High Court" is a milestone in international jurisprudence that perhaps deserves an article all its own.

RICHARD W. BOETH
Rosedale, Mississippi

GOOD COVERAGE

To the Editor: Your June 6, 1963, cover by John Wilson certainly deserved its selection by the International Federation of the Periodical Press as the best cover of the year on a news magazine. Congratulations.

CLARENCE A. ANDREWS
School of Journalism
University of Iowa

I AM MYSELF, ALONE

To the Editor: William Saroyan's "Around the World, and Death, and Back Again" (*The Reporter,* June 4) said so well that an artist's gift is a curse, or the curse a gift. In our era of bitter outrage and avant-garde experiments, Mr. Saroyan sings a classic and lovely song of his hurts and joys. He has the true gift, because his sensitivity touches us all without being maudlin or pretentious. All of us bleed more than we can bear, but few can share our love of life and each other with the tender simplicity of Mr. Saroyan.

MRS. E. S. KLOTZ
Studio City, California

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It's Over

"Ah just want to find out what happened," Representative Howard W. Smith of Virginia drawled at a meeting of the House Rules Committee last January. "Don't reckon ah will." What "Judge" Smith wanted to know was how a compromise civil-rights bill with bipartisan support had been flushed out of the House Judiciary Committee, whose members a short while before had been quarreling over sellouts, double crosses, secret deals, and bad faith in general. The witness at the other end of the table was the ranking Republican member of the Judiciary Committee, Representative William McCulloch of Ohio, and the Judge had heard that at the committee's final meeting on the proposed bill everyone had been ruled out of order by Chairman Emanuel Celler except McCulloch, who had been permitted to speak for a minute in the bill's favor. It all seemed mighty strange to the Judge. "How did you get to be favored with all that time of one minute?" he inquired.

"Because of my receding red hair," McCulloch answered.

The Judge sighed. "Ah suspect," he said, "that's as good a reason as any."

Judge Smith was doubtless as desolate as he seemed, but not nearly as confused. Like just about everyone else in the hearing room that day, he must have known that the compromise bill had been arranged at a secret meeting in the Congressional Hotel on October 28 between Justice Department emissaries and Judiciary Committee Republicans, that its acceptance marked the end of several months of partisan efforts by both Republicans and Democrats in the House to embarrass one another at the possible expense of the bill, and that, having reached agreement, the House Republican leadership and the Democratic administration were being just as relentless, high-handed, and effective in promoting the bill as the Southerners had been in opposing it. As a result, the unheard-of has happened: in most respects the 1964 civil-rights bill represents a strengthened rather than a weakened version of the legislation introduced by President Kennedy last year.

IF THERE is any single explanation of how all this came about, it is the extraordinary degree of professionalism displayed by the bill's proponents on the Hill, in the administration, and, outside government, among the lobbying groups. Any number of real dangers arose and had to be met and overcome: the efforts of the Southerners to bring the bill into collision with the tax bill, the psychological impact of Alabama Governor George C. Wallace's large vote in northern primary elections, and the profound suspicions that many of the bill's proponents—Negro and white, Democratic and Republican—had of one another, especially in an election year. And there were sudden emergencies that were no less serious for seeming absurd. At one point, for example, it appeared that Western senators who favored the bill on the whole would nonetheless vote to send it to Senator James Eastland's Judiciary Committee so as to gain an interlude in the filibuster in which they could consider a beef-import bill very high in their considerations. On that occasion, Senator Richard B. Russell (D., Georgia) has conceded, the Southerners "waited too long" and somehow managed to lose some of the Western support.

The episode was typical of the importance of intelligence and counterintelligence in getting the bill passed. Legislators conferring with Attorney General Robert F. Kennedy knew that he could speak for the Negro lobbyists with whom he was in constant communication. Through the Attorney General as well as through Senator Hubert H. Humphrey, the Negro leaders also got a good idea of the moments to push and the moments to grant a little peace to wavering senators and representatives. Senate Minority Leader Everett M. Dirksen, for his part, managed to determine exactly how far the last-minute revolt of a handful of Republicans led by Bourke B. Hickenlooper of Iowa would go and when the moment had come to appease them.

Perhaps the most remarkable achievement of all has been that the bill moved through both the Senate and the House without creating the personal bitterness ordinarily attending civil-rights measures in Congress. There was actually something like relief visible in the chamber as the final senate vote drew near. The relatively good feeling that remained is, in its way, as important as the bill itself.

A Dream Come True

The nation's attitudes toward Barry Goldwater have undergone some remarkable changes during the past year. And as is often the case, we owe a special debt of gratitude to that unusually flexible commentator on public affairs, Walter Lippmann, for providing a more or less revealing record of the changes. Looking over the words he has spoken or written is like studying a fever chart of a protracted disease—which may or may not prove fatal in the months ahead.

More than a year ago, on May 1, 1963, an interview with Mr. Lippmann was run on the CBS Television network. At that time, the Goldwater candidacy could be discussed in an almost jocular fashion. ". . . if they wanted to make American politics logical and clear and get a final clear-cut decision," Mr.

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Lippmann remarked, "the Republicans ought to nominate Goldwater, and at last get a Republican who is a Republican. Now, whether they have got the nerve to do that, I don't know." When he was asked by Charles Collingwood whether this meant he was in the market for a Goldwater button himself or simply interested in matching the basic strength of the two parties, Mr. Lippmann went on: "Well, I'd like to see the issue put to the test once. Now, we have been hearing for a generation that the Republican candidate is never a real Republican, and that's why he doesn't get elected; that he's always a 'me too' man. Well, now, there's a man who is not a 'me too' man, and I think it would be just as well to try it out once and let Kennedy and Goldwater, who is supposed to be a true Republican, fight it out and see what the country wants."

On August 27, 1963, Mr. Lippmann let it be known in his syndicated column "Today and Tomorrow" that he was taking the Goldwater campaign a little more seriously, but not much. Although Governor Rockefeller's remarriage had helped the senator's standing in the polls, "Senator Goldwater is still a very long way from the Presidential nomination." It just wasn't in the cards: "For the moderate Republicans, who comprise the big majorities that elected Eisenhower, are not likely to hand over the party to an extremist." At this point, the "Republican who is a Republican" had become the exponent of a "philosophy [that] is radically opposed to the central tradition of the Republican Party" and one whose ideas represented only ". . . a vast confusion . . . a recipe for panic."

Three weeks later, Mr. Lippmann discovered that Goldwater "is now engaged in remodeling his ideas, in moving away from the far Right and towards the more moderate Center." Indeed, there seemed reason to hope that Goldwater would not make "American politics logical and clear" at all, as Mr. Lippmann himself had suggested on TV; for "Senator Goldwater, who is not a fanatic of the extreme but an ambitious politician, is now in the process of reshaping himself for the political realities of this country. It is interesting to watch him and comforting to think that the system is working so well."

But by January 7, 1964, the pendulum had swung back the other way, and Goldwater was "a radical reactionary who would, if we are to believe what he says, dismantle the modern state."

To be sure, by March 3, Mr. Lippmann was able to take a more sanguine and even humorous view of the situation. He went so far as to suggest that "The Senator is doing a great service to the country . . . He impersonates, and is parading before the voters' eyes, the eternal juvenile who lurks in the American soul." But there wasn't much to worry about, for Mr. Lippmann had seen "signs . . . that the country will follow the President as he puts away childish things."

In another TV interview on April 8, Mr. Lippmann thought that the Republican nominee would be either Nixon or Lodge, or conceivably Scranton. Eric Sevareid, who conducted the interview this time, reminded Mr. Lippmann of his statement a year before about nominating Goldwater and asked if he had changed his mind. "Oh, yes," Mr. Lippmann answered. "First of all, I wasn't really anxious to have Goldwater a candidate, but I thought as against John F. Kennedy it might have cleared the air very much. . . . I think that with the death of Kennedy, and with the very fragile character of Goldwater's support once he was exposed in front of television and in public meetings, that the unsuitability of his candidacy has become so evident that I don't think we need that test."

The California primary naturally put Mr. Lippmann in another brown study: "It can be said, of course, that this is a delightful prospect for the Democrats. But, much as I prefer Lyndon Johnson to any of the available Republican candidates and hope for his election with a decisive mandate, the prospect of a Republican Party controlled by an extremist faction is disturbing. It will rupture that cohesiveness around the moderate Center which is the special genius of the American party system. It is a dangerous thing at this time to inject into our public life such a divisive force as Goldwater incarnates."

Once again, it's clear that you should always be very careful about what you ask for. You may get it!

Dodge'em Cars

Connecticut's highway fatality rate has been of growing concern to State Police Commissioner Leo J. Mulcahy. Pondering the problem, Mulcahy decided that compact cars were more dangerous to ride in than the mastodons of Detroit and that the public should be warned.

So he arranged a series of head-on crashes at a drag strip, sending Fords, Buicks, Dodges, and Pontiacs against Volkswagens, Renaults, Saabs, Ramblers, and Falcons. Admission was free, and several hundred fans stood in a roped-off area to watch. Eleven crashes were scheduled. First, an unmanned Renault Dauphine was placed in the center of the track. A stunt driver aimed a Ford at the Renault at thirty-five miles per hour, then sprang clear to a pickup car alongside. The crowd drew in its breath. But the unattended Ford whizzed right past the Renault, smacking into the boundary fence at the end of the track. It bounced off a light pole, then began circling the field, narrowly missing a state police Jeep, with the pickup car in hot pursuit. Eventually the runaway Ford was corralled. The Renault was dispatched by a 1954 Buick in the next event.

That the rest of the big cars polished off the rest of the small cars surprised no one. (One letter to the editor of a Connecticut newspaper suggested that Mulcahy might run a Mack truck into a Buick in a further projection of his theory.) But the insurance companies, many of which are clustered in Connecticut, might take quiet consolation from the fact that the standard ten per cent discount on rates for small cars—based largely on the fact that they have fewer accidents—appeared just under the circumstances. One out of the eleven (9.1 per cent), though parked, vacant, and deliberately aimed at, did demonstrate a life-saving quality of elusiveness.

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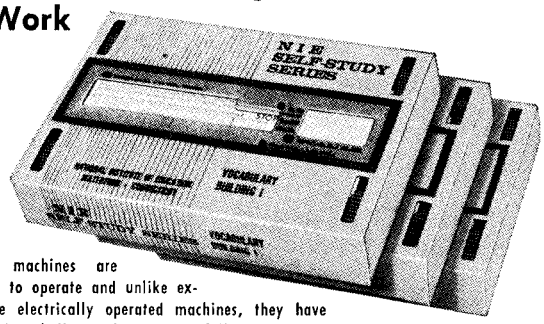

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The G.O.P. Against Itself

PAUL DUKE

THE DAY BEFORE William W. Scranton announced his candidacy for the Republican Presidential nomination, a group of House Republicans considered sending an appeal to Henry Cabot Lodge in Saigon to come home and rally the anti-Goldwater forces. The plan was a desperate one, since despite his victory in the New Hampshire primary, Lodge's nomination had never been more than a remote possibility, and there was even less reason for taking it seriously at such a late date.

The only real significance of the bring-back-Lodge idea was the chaos it reflected in the ranks of moderate Republicans. The Scranton candidacy has since lifted the spirits of those Republicans who are intent upon saving the Grand Old Party from Senator Goldwater and his supporters. But the bumbling beginnings of the Scranton campaign were also indicative of the GOP's serious infirmities. For in the party's time of peril, those most alarmed were forced to place their trust in a man who had repeatedly disclaimed Presidential ambitions, who had shown no disposition to assist his fellow progressives in beating back the enemy, and who leaped into the fray only after his courage was questioned.

In a way, Scranton's own attitude and miscalculations before he came out into the open as a candidate were typical of the moderates as a whole. It was their default of leadership that helped put Goldwater so far ahead, and many of those now working against him willingly acquiesced in the promotion of his views by party officials, standing idly by while these views took on an aspect of respectability. The total impression of this nonchalance was that the moderates confidently expected Goldwater to stumble at some point; instead, it was they who stumbled.

IF THERE WAS miscalculation of Goldwater's potentiality, there was even greater miscalculation of the help that could be expected from former President Eisenhower. It is hard, however, to see why. There has been a spate of magazine articles under the general's signature since 1960 that take a line on economic policy very close to Goldwater's. And in his recent speech to the National Governors' Conference in Cleveland, Eisenhower embraced a proposal advanced by right-wing organizations whereby state legislatures could force Congress to call a convention to amend the Constitution to reserve more rights for the states. Goldwater, who appropriately inserted the speech in the *Congressional Record* the next day, remarked that he could have written it himself. "What so many people forget," a Republican Congressional leader told me, "is that Ike didn't give a damn about saving the party for the moderates when he jumped in against Taft in '52. What concerned him was keeping Europe strong and making sure we didn't go isolationist."

Moderates apparently also forgot that the former President believes party politics should be conducted in the fashion of a friendly forum rather than as a slugging match. It was no coincidence that Eisenhower left office with most of the party machinery in the hands of the same conservative forces he seemed to have beaten eight years earlier. The general's polite approach is probably the reason Scranton left their June 6 meeting at Gettysburg believing he carried Eisenhower's endorsement for the Presidency. Yet in advocating an "open" convention—if there is such a thing—and in urging Scranton to make himself available for the nomination, Eisenhower was only going through a ritual he followed last fall when he encouraged Harold Stassen to become a candidate. He took a similar position of aloofness toward the Presidential nomination in 1960 and even the Vice-Presidential nomination in 1956.

Nor was the political pacifism dis-

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played by Eisenhower at the Governors' Conference out of character, even if it disappointed those governors who believed he might be shocked into taking a leading part in an anti-Goldwater drive after he heard their grim predictions of disaster for the ticket from top to bottom. To some the general seemed uninterested in dwelling on the subject and in a few instances politics was not discussed at all. Emerging from a brief visit to the former President's suite, Nelson Rockefeller told reporters that they had chatted about "old times." Goldwater, another guest, reported that they talked "mostly about golf and how to get rid of the bursitis that has been bothering him."

Flopping and Flipping

To a large extent, the moderates brought on their difficulties by the devotion to rugged individualism with which they chose to play the game. Nothing could symbolize this better than the peculiar political feints of Richard Nixon before and after the June 2 California primary. According to Goldwater, the former Vice-President assured him of his neutrality in that contest, twice by telegram and once by telephone. But if Nixon's design was to gain Goldwater's backing for the nomination after he lost in California, as nearly everyone expected the senator would, the subsequent upset soon made it clear that Nixon was at a loss for a new strategy to pursue. In what seemed to be a frantic attempt to keep his chances alive, Nixon (1) told reporters in Detroit that Goldwater's views on Social Security, the Tennessee Valley Authority, and the United Nations had undergone a metamorphosis, and implied that he wanted no part of an anti-Goldwater drive; (2) told reporters in Cleveland the next day that "it would be a tragedy" if Goldwater's views on the same subjects were not repudiated by the convention and appealed to Governor George Romney of Michigan to become a candidate, although still maintaining that he would not take part in an anti-Goldwater movement; (3) tossed icy water on Scranton's candidacy four days later with the remark that the governor is "not a very strong man" in view of—of all things—*his* flip-flopping.

But Nixon was not alone in seeming more interested in protecting his own fortunes than those of moderate Republicanism. Romney and Scranton also professed neutrality in California in private communications with Goldwater, apparently hoping to be considered for anointment themselves. Scranton promoters, in fact, eagerly anticipated a Rockefeller victory that would set up a convention deadlock to be broken when Goldwater and Rockefeller delegates both rallied behind the modest governor of Pennsylvania. To enhance this prospect, a standby political organization was all set to roll the morning after the primary, with such prominent Republicans as Senator John Sherman Cooper of Kentucky and former Defense Secretary Thomas S. Gates slated to be among the leaders. Old party pros like Leonard Hall and Fred Scribner were expected to clamber aboard. Scranton for President clubs would spring up spontaneously across the country.

IT IS STILL hard to understand why so many Republicans took such a relaxed view of Rockefeller's fate in the crucial California contest, where philosophy, not personality, was the issue. A Rockefeller lieutenant who tried to recruit Eastern members of Congress to help in California found only ten of thirty willing to endorse the governor or fly to the West Coast to speak in his behalf. Yet it was they who stood to lose the most if the governor failed to come through. In contrast, Goldwater aides had no trouble lining up a campaign train of twenty ultraconservative members to travel up and down the state spreading the senator's gospel.

To some extent, Rockefeller's persistence in viewing his own candidacy as the one true hope of the moderates undermined his efforts in California. Neither Scranton nor Romney, for example, with whom the governor had almost no contact during the preceding year, felt any compulsion to lend a late helping hand, especially since the polls showed him winning anyway.

The mistakes made by the moderates before the California primary did not end once the returns were in from that state. Confronted with the greatly increased prospect of a Goldwater nomination, moderate leaders at first seemed reconciled to it as a *fait accompli*. Scranton, having many times said the one thing that could bring him charging into the race was the likelihood that someone soft on civil rights would be nominated, now told newsmen in Harrisburg that he did not "know of any extremely basic differences" between himself and Goldwater; he even hinted at his availability for the Vice-Presidential nomination on a Goldwater ticket.

The image of ineptness and floundering conveyed at the Governors' Conference in Cleveland only made matters worse. When Scranton decided to harden his line against Goldwater, his aides made no attempt to co-ordinate plans with the Romney camp, which was moving toward an even stronger anti-Goldwater position. After Goldwater snubbed their suggestion for a Republican summit conference, whose only ostensible purpose seemed to be to press the senator to modify his views, the thirteen anti-Goldwater governors turned to the drafting of a statement of progressive Republican principles. But even this feeble step was abandoned when objections were voiced by Paul Fannin of Arizona, one of the three pro-Goldwater governors.

Center of Gravity

The moderate faction has displayed a curious detachment toward the party's drift toward the Right ever since 1960. Fundamentally, in recent times the GOP has been subject to what might be called the Law of Conservative Gravitation. In Presidential election years and in years when the party controls the White House, the dominant strain of Republicanism is a middle-of-the-road variety. At other periods the party leadership falls chiefly to members of Congress who tend to reflect the deep-dyed conservative views of their small-town and rural constituencies. Moreover, the inability of the party to capitalize on the Eisenhower name while the general occupied the White House to increase its strength in Congress tended to strengthen the argument of party leaders who believed the GOP's best bet lay in offering the electorate a clear choice between

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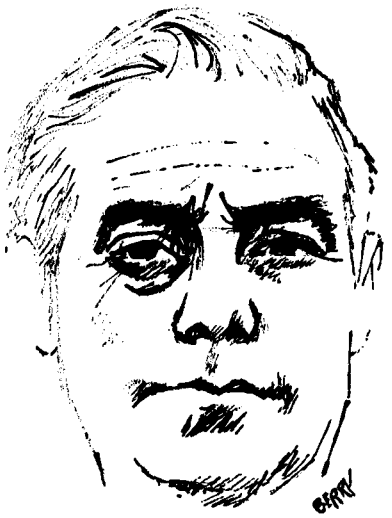
conservatism and liberalism. It was, in fact, not uncommon to hear even some moderates talk about letting Goldwater have the nomination to settle the argument that a large number of conservatives would emerge to support this kind of candidate.

Whatever the reason, the party machinery has had an increasingly pro-Goldwater character since 1960. An example is the thirty-five-member GOP Policy Committee in the House, which is dominated by conservative Midwestern congressmen and has only four moderates. The newsletter published by the National Republican Congressional Campaign Committee frequently seems to follow a line somewhat to the right of Goldwater.

Representative William Miller, the upstate New Yorker who is chairman of the Republican National Committee, has treated the country to a steady volley of charges about Democratic temporizing with Communism and budget-busting spending, saying little about what a Republican administration would offer in the way of improvement. The National Committee has acquired a distinct Goldwater coloration since Miller took over in 1961. When Miller is away, which is often, the committee is under the command of William Warner, whose pro-Goldwater leanings are well known. I. Lee Potter, the director of Southern operations, is an avowed Goldwaterite. And until Rockefeller aides complained, Mrs. Dorothy Elston, the president of the National Federation of Republican Women, made her Goldwater sympathies known in speeches around the country.

Other significant changes in the party have contributed to the growth of Goldwater-type conservatism. Young Republican Clubs, once a voice of liberalism, now espouse ultraconservatism. At last year's uproarious Young Republican National Federation convention in San Francisco, Donald (Buzz) Lukens of Washington, D.C., was elected president only after pledging to support Goldwater and coming out for repeal of the income tax. Republicans elected to the House in 1960 and 1962—dubbed the "young fogies" by their Democratic brethren—tended to expound the same far-out conservatism, as exemplified by the opposition of some to Minority Leader Charles A. Halleck as too liberal for their taste. And, above all perhaps, there has been the rapid growth and influence of the new and respectable Republicanism of the South. Unlike the days when the party in that area was controlled by a handful of hacks, interested only in the emoluments set aside for the caretakers, the Southern wing has been growing in numbers—and growing in conservatism. Whereas the Georgia and Texas delegations could be swung away from Taft in 1952 and provide the



votes to put over Eisenhower, the prospect of such an occurrence at this year's convention seems farfetched.

In the face of these developments, the moderates have shown little inclination to fight back. To some degree this may be explained by the widely held assumption that Goldwater was the grass-roots favorite for the nomination. But this reluctance to antagonize Republican voters does not explain why the moderates have done so little to promote a more positive image for the party, especially in Congress. While moderates periodically sound calls for more alternatives to Democratic programs, they frequently ignore their own prescription. The greeting given the Johnson anti-poverty program was a chorus of jeers from both moderates and conservatives, and it was only on the final day of hearings before the House Education and Labor Committee that Representative Peter Frelinghuysen (R., New Jersey) stepped forward with a compromise package. Moderates made little attempt to uphold bipartisanship when the foreign-aid bill was under the knife last year. More illustrative is the moderates' capitulation in the swing away from the Eisenhower-Nixon position favoring Federal aid for public-school construction, also a plank in the 1960 party platform.

A Goldwater triumph at San Francisco undoubtedly would accentuate this regressive trend, at both the legislative and the purely political levels. A glimpse of what lies ahead may have been provided by the California outcome, which has not only signaled the comeback of William Knowland as a party power but has also strengthened the fanatical rightists in their drive to assume control over the party in California. As the *beau ideal* of anti-Negro, anti-foreign aid, anti-union, anti-government voters, Goldwater in some measure legitimizes their biases and discontents. With Goldwater heading its ticket, the GOP not only would be writing off the growing Negro vote but also encouraging the expedient lily-white Republicanism now taking root in much of the South. "I know Barry doesn't see it that way and doesn't want it that way," a Republican congressman remarked the other day, "but the truth is we'd be the party of kookism."

Goldwater's nomination, it should also be noted, is favored most strongly in those states where the party is weakest and thus most subject to the dictates of a few leaders. It could be, as Goldwaterites insist so vehemently, that the senator would prove to be just the man needed to bring the GOP a bounty of new senators and representatives in Southern and Western states. But the price of such a gain could be the loss of seats in other states where moderate Republicanism prevails. Hence the fear that an anti-Goldwater avalanche might bury such senators as Keating of New York, Scott of Pennsylvania, Beall of Maryland, and Fong of Hawaii. The net effect of any swap would therefore be a further turn to the Right for Republicans in Congress—and an even more passionate brand of conservatism. In addition a Goldwater candidacy probably would rule out prospects for obtaining a large share of the

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increasingly important suburban vote which the GOP must tap if it is ever to achieve majority status again.

In going with Goldwater, moreover, the GOP would be asking the nation to accept as its leader a senator whose voting record is a remarkable document of independence of his party. On twenty-five issues embodied in the 1960 platform that have come to a vote, the senator has voted "nay" on all twenty-five. "There are only a handful of his colleagues who have any regard for Barry's abilities," a Republican senator told me. "There is certainly no comparison with Bob Taft. Taft was an educated man and a thinker; Barry has no education and doesn't think. Taft was a legislator; you can't find any major legislation with Barry's name on it. Taft always kept his liberal flank open by supporting health, housing, and education bills; Barry has never had the foresight to do anything like this."

ALTHOUGH Goldwaterites loudly proclaim that a rejection of their hero would so divide the party that the nomination would be worthless to anyone else, Republicans now rallying behind Scranton believe the senator's nomination poses an even greater danger.

One thing to be said about Scranton's candidacy is that, win or lose, it might succeed in keeping the conservative defections to a minimum. The governor has been quite successful in unifying the faction-torn Pennsylvania party and in getting along with an old-guard legislature. It was significant that when Scranton called a conference of family and friends to consider whether to enter the race, one of those invited was George Bloom, a Republican wheelhorse who originally opposed Scranton's nomination for governor but is now one of his staunchest boosters.

For these reasons, some moderates believe Eisenhower might yet be persuaded to throw his full weight behind Scranton as the man to unify the party. A Goldwater delegate to the Maryland Republican convention sized the governor up just after he had delivered the speech that launched his campaign: "I don't think he's got a snowball's chance in hell, but he is the only other candidate I could vote for."

Mark Hatfield, Man with a Tough Job

JULIUS DUSCHA

AS THE Republican keynote speaker and temporary chairman of the convention, Governor Mark O. Hatfield of Oregon is acutely aware of his crucial role in San Francisco on July 13. For Hatfield must not only try to bring some reason out of the current intraparty rancor; he is also in a position to influence his party's platform. The governor realizes this and has made known his determination to do something about the platform at any rate.

But Hatfield's own well-publicized beliefs will make his convention task exceedingly difficult. The governor considers himself a Western progressive, an elastic enough phrase but one that he would not stretch to include Senator Barry Goldwater of Arizona. When he was asked on "Meet the Press" in May whether he thought Goldwater was also a Western progressive, the governor tried to evade the question. Pressed repeatedly for an unequivocal answer, he finally blurted, "Not in my stripe, he is not."

Hatfield read Goldwater out of the Western progressive branch of the Republican Party just two days after the Oregon primary, in which Governor Nelson A. Rockefeller of New York won an upset victory over Ambassador Henry Cabot Lodge. But after Goldwater won in California and Governor William W. Scranton hesitated in Cleveland, Hatfield made no real effort to help the Republican moderates unite behind a new candidate. Instead, he all but conceded the nomination to Goldwater and began talking about how all Republicans could get behind Goldwater's peculiar brand of conservatism. Once Scranton entered the race, however, Hatfield welcomed the Pennsylvanian with the joy of a man nurturing Vice-Presidential hopes of a balanced East-West Republican ticket.

Although Hatfield maintained in the "Meet the Press" interview that he expected Goldwater to share certain "basic, broad objectives," the governor emphasized the need for a platform representing "the historic Republican position. . . . of being the party of social concern and addressing ourselves to the great social issues of the day." And foremost on the governor's list of issues is civil rights.

Not only does Hatfield disagree with Goldwater over the new civil-rights legislation—the governor was an early supporter of the bill, including its public-accommodations section, which Goldwater has always opposed—he is also at odds with the senator on most other major issues. Hatfield supports the United Nations; Goldwater is cool toward the U.N., having once advocated our withdrawal from it and now believing that the United States should pull out if Communist China is admitted. Hatfield supported the nuclear test-ban treaty; Goldwater opposed it. Hatfield backed a tax cut; Goldwater voted against it.

HATFIELD is also concerned about the right-wing extremists who have infiltrated the Republican Party and whom Goldwater has repeatedly refused to criticize. A year ago Hatfield went to San Francisco to tell the right-wing Young Republican National Federation that he was deeply concerned about "the extremists who do violence to what we try to achieve as a party." He noted that "Many of the techniques and appearances of the radical right and the lunatic left are similar" and said that he was "heartsick . . . to see well-intended funds siphoned off the coffers of either political party where money would be put to work by more reasonable hands."

These were harsh words for a convention of Young Republicans, whose organization is controlled by right-wing extremists. It was the kind of

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attack on extremism that Goldwater has never made, however much he may have privately deplored the activities of John Birch Society members and other extremists who have been active in his campaign. (In California two Birchers are on Goldwater's delegate slate, and several members of the society helped to organize a $450,000 fund-raising dinner for the senator in March.) But Hatfield was received courteously by the Young Republicans, although for months afterward his mail was filled with scurrilous letters.

Mark the Microcosm

In a sense, Hatfield embodies the dilemma of the Republican Party. First elected governor in 1958 at the age of thirty-six and re-elected two years ago with an even larger majority (78,000 compared with 64,000), Hatfield is the most popular political figure in Oregon even though he is a Republican in a Democratic state. To win, Hatfield had to appeal to a broad cross section of the state's Democrats and Republicans. In doing this, Hatfield earned the enmity of many old-line Oregon Republicans who looked upon him as a liberal betraying traditional Republican principles for the crass purpose of getting elected.

Nationally, the Republican Party is faced with the same problems that Hatfield has encountered in Oregon. A minority party in the country as a whole, the Republicans must nominate a Presidential candidate who will appeal to both Democrats and Republicans, although it often seems that the people who control the party in most of the states cannot be convinced of this.

Until now, Hatfield has generally managed to remain above the blistering battles that have debilitated his party. During the May Oregon primary, for example, the governor maintained a studied public neutrality, although none of the many political reporters who stopped by his office came away with the feeling that he was a Goldwater man. In 1960 Hatfield had his first moments in the national convention spotlight when he was picked to nominate Vice-President Richard M. Nixon for President. After Nixon's defeat Hatfield was a Rockefeller man, but his support wavered after the New York-er's divorce and remarriage. Later Hatfield obviously was hoping that Scranton would actively seek the nomination.

To reporters covering the Oregon primary, Hatfield spoke quite candidly about his own political ambitions. He cannot run for governor again because of Oregon's two-term constitutional limit. But Hatfield has his eyes clearly fixed on Democrat Maurine Neuberger's Senate seat.

Whether Mrs. Neuberger runs again or not, Hatfield would seem to have a good chance of reaching the Senate two years from now. He is certainly the strongest political force to emerge in the state since Wayne Morse was first elected to the Senate twenty years ago. Careful and cautious, Hatfield is very different from the

maverick Morse, and the governor's political appeal, basically that of the clean-cut American boy, is much broader than that of Morse.

Some of Hatfield's admirers even see in him many of the same qualities that brought John F. Kennedy to the Presidency. Hatfield is a young, attractive, and articulate man who seems to appeal to a broad segment of the electorate. He is also a forward-looking, reflective man who still manages not to move too far out in front and thus avoids unduly disturbing the influential men in the middle of his party.

Hatfield is not without his detractors, of course. The intensity of his political ambitions sometimes shows through. He often seems to be playing only for the headlines, as at the Western Governors' Conference at San Francisco in May when he engaged in acrimonious but pointless debate with Governor Edmund G. Brown of California over President Johnson's war on poverty. Hatfield also tends to take himself and his career much too seriously and is often criticized for parading his Baptist piety, a trait not uncommon among politicians. Some of Hatfield's sharpest critics charge that he has stalled too much on tough problems like taxes and has ducked difficult issues and decisions.

WHATEVER one may think of Hatfield, he has gone far and fast from humble beginnings. Born in the small town of Dallas, Oregon, Hatfield is the son of a blacksmith who worked for the Southern Pacific Railroad. His mother went back to college after her marriage to become a schoolteacher, and Hatfield credits her with his interest in history, education, and politics. According to the Hatfield legend, Mark participated in his first political campaign in 1932 when, at the age of ten, he distributed campaign literature urging the re-election of Herbert Hoover.

After graduating from Willamette University in Salem, the state capital, Hatfield went off to serve in the Navy and saw action at both Iwo Jima and Okinawa. Shortly after the war, Hatfield went to California to get a master's degree at Stanford University. There he first ran for office, winning election as president of the student body after conducting a write-in campaign. It was also at Stanford that Hatfield formed what has been an enduring friendship and political partnership with Travis Cross of Salem, who was then an undergraduate and is now Hatfield's press secretary and adviser on all matters political.

From Stanford, Hatfield went back to Oregon and Willamette, where he began teaching political science. He soon was conducting a radio commentary called "The Political Pulse" and thus making his name known beyond the university campus. But Hatfield is an activist, not a philosopher. So in 1950, at twenty-eight, he ran for state representative from Salem and won. He was re-elected in 1952 and went on to the state senate in 1954, all the while serving as a

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popular dean of students at Willamette.

Hatfield's record in the Oregon legislature was not particularly distinguished, but it was a propitious time for an intelligent and attractive young man to try to move up through the ranks of the Republican Party in Oregon. In 1947, the governor, the president of the senate, and the secretary of state—all Republicans—died in an airplane crash and wiped out the traditional line of succession in state politics. In the mid-1950's, the void in the Republican leadership still existed; so in 1956 Hatfield ran for secretary of state, an office that has always been a stepping-stone to the Oregon governorship. He was easily elected and two years later in 1958 went on to win the first of his two terms as governor.

Four months before his election as the twenty-ninth governor of Oregon, Hatfield married Antoinette Kuzmanich, the daughter of a Portland longshoreman who came to the United States from Yugoslavia. Mrs. Hatfield renounced the Catholic Church when she married. The Hatfields have a son and a daughter, and Mrs. Hatfield is expecting another child in August. For an ambitious politician, Hatfield married well. He does not let voters forget that his wife's father is a longshoreman—and a union member.

As GOVERNOR, Hatfield has instituted an industrial-development program that has attracted new plants and other businesses to the state, and the unemployment rate has dropped from 7.5 per cent to 4.7 per cent. Hatfield has also expedited the state's highway program and boasts that Oregon has completed a larger percentage of its interstate system than any other state. Like other governors, Hatfield has had to wrestle with the stubborn problems of public welfare payments, soaring school costs, and inadequate state revenues. His efforts in all these areas have been complicated by a recalcitrant Democratic-controlled legislature, and only last fall a law providing $60 million in new state taxes was killed by a decisive 3-to-1 vote in a statewide referendum. But in the May primary, Oregon voters approved a $30-million bond issue to provide money for a building program for state universities and colleges and for community colleges that are being planned throughout the state.

Like the other moderates in the Republican Party, Hatfield acts and talks at times as if he were in the wrong political pew. "The Federal government is not our enemy," Hatfield declared in a speech three years ago at Oregon State University, "and those who preach the political philosophy that we must look upon the Federal government as a great enemy of the American people are being neither accurate nor objective in their evaluation. The Federal government is, after all, all of us—it is our government—it is NOT an alien foreign government."

These are certainly unusual words coming from a Republican keynoter. But then, Hatfield might have preferred some other job at the convention. Even under the best of circumstances, keynoters have seldom been able to use their traditionally impassioned oratory as a means to further a national political career. Since the end of the Second World War, only the late Alben W. Barkley went on to bigger things after a stirring speech that brought the Democratic convention of 1948 to life. This is not Hatfield's style or role as he sees it. He is not the old-fashioned, fire-breathing orator that Barkley was. In the past, Hatfield's flat Western tones have expressed moderation and reasonableness. The Republican delegates will want their keynoter to draw some Democratic blood, but the vast television audience to which the governor's speech will be primarily directed will be watching particularly to see if the feuding Republicans are still capable of moderation and reasonableness. In that role, difficult as it is, Hatfield was well cast.

How Goldwater Won in California

BILL STOUT

LOS ANGELES

THE COMMENTATORS who wrote off the Goldwater victory in the California primary as an exercise in extremism choose to overlook the fact that the senator won the votes of 1,089,892 Republicans in a state where the GOP has voted repeatedly for moderates, such as Earl Warren and Goodwin Knight, and has just as often rejected the bids of arch-conservatives.

Populous southern California, where elections are decided in the state, gave him more than enough votes to overcome Nelson Rockefeller's lead in the less thickly settled northern half of the state. Two factors that operated in Goldwater's favor were the birth of the Rockefeller baby three days before the election, which served to remind voters of the governor's marital record, and the heavy-handed intensity of the Rockefeller campaign against Goldwater, which backfired and won sympathy for the senator. In the last week before June 2, when the polls showed the New York governor running ahead by as much as fifty-seven to forty-three per cent, radio and television spots filled the air with harsh words about Goldwater and soothing assurances that to vote for "the responsible Republican," Rockefeller, would be the same as marking a ballot for Lodge, Romney, Scranton, or any of the others who described themselves as moderates. The onslaught cost the Rockefeller forces about $3 million, and it might have won the primary except that it put Goldwater on the defensive and he knew how to exploit the underdog role. The best example of his attitude in those last critical days was the famous "shot in the back" picture of the senator at a rally in northern California, seemingly pierced by an arrow he had tucked under his arm.

JUST BEFORE primary day the reaction set in, and at the same time the formidable Goldwater volunteer organization intensified its work. The senator had a powerful group of political amateurs working for him many months before he made his candidacy official. As one example, Gold-

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water volunteers gathered tens of thousands of nominating signatures in a two-hour statewide effort the day when filing opened for putting Republican convention delegates on the ballot, while Rockefeller, using a professional petition-circulating firm on a payment-per-signature basis, struggled for several weeks, right up to the deadline, to get enough names. The volunteer Goldwater muscle—and it was amateur in the strictest sense, not an organization of Birch members, vegetarians, technocrats, or any of the other groups usually referred to on the Eastern Seaboard in an effort to "explain California"—made all the difference when it was flexed again shortly before the primary.

Even though Goldwater was more than a bit downhearted, his supporters were not and rose to the challenge to stage a remarkable last-ditch effort. They hurriedly put together one huge door-to-door campaign after another, covering twenty thousand registered Republicans in one area, thirty thousand more in another, and making no attempt to separate those who favored or opposed their candidate. Goldwater leaders who had been "working the precincts," as they put it, told in exhilarated tones of changes, not in the senator's favor for the first time, but back to him. Expensive apartment areas, middle-income residential districts, and strictly middle-class beach communities showed sudden, surprising margins for Goldwater. The Sunday before the primary brought a flood of such reports. The men in charge of the printed and broadcast coverage of the primary, for the most part Easterners, were skeptical. But professional politicians, including GOP officials who never had favored Goldwater, began to predict his victory. Partisans of the Arizona senator received the reports with jubilation, although some of them found them hard to believe.

In White Suburbia

But all this is prelude, for the shift back to Goldwater, important as it is, tells only part of the story of his victory. Consider a few of the returns, broken down to state assembly district and precinct: the 55th District of Los Angeles, almost entirely Negro, gave Rockefeller 3,396 and Goldwater

567; Precinct 58 in West Covina, a Los Angeles suburb that is white and Protestant, gave Goldwater 46 and Rockefeller 16; the 53rd District, again Los Angeles and in the center of the Negro area, gave Rockefeller 4,991 and Goldwater 1,751; and Precinct 132 in Glendale, white and upper-income, went 84 Goldwater and 32 Rockefeller.

That is the heart of the election story, and the lesson for the campaign months ahead. The white suburban voters of the white-majority areas gave Goldwater his California victory. It was not an eccentric alliance of assorted extremists. It was a combination of forces in which the balance of power was held by voters who voted as whites in reaction to Governor Rockefeller's position on civil rights.

That is not to say that Goldwater based his California campaign on a racist appeal, or that he voted against civil rights because he is seeking the anti-Negro vote. Indeed, his national campaign manager, Denison Kitchel, went out of his way to emphasize that Goldwater would not welcome the support of anti-Negro whites. But the essential fact remains that Goldwater lost the traditionally mixed communities of central California and the Bay area but scored heavily in the suburban areas of Orange County, conservative San Diego, and the vast residential sprawl of Los Angeles. A large part of the westward migration that has made California the most populous state came from Texas, Oklahoma, and the Deep South and settled in southern California. The voting habits of these families, while nominally Democratic, can change radically when traditional values seem threatened. This was the case in 1960 when many Democrats of Southern origin in the Central Valley voted for Nixon because of the Catholic issue, and it may be expected to happen this year if civil rights becomes the decisive issue. State Republican leaders hope for as much as a twenty-five per cent Democratic cross-over to the Republican ticket in November.

Goldwater won despite the impetus given Rockefeller in Oregon, his opponent's tremendous outlay of money, the editorial opposition of practically every newspaper of importance, and in the face of opinion polls predicting his defeat. And he won not just because some Republicans reacted to the attacks upon him or because his workers hurled themselves into the contest on his behalf, but in great part because many Californians viewed the contest as a choice between a strong civil-rights candidate and one who would not press for civil-rights legislation.

THIS "white backlash" at the polls in California is part of the same voting pattern that produced the surprising totals for Alabama's Governor George Wallace in Wisconsin, Indiana, and Maryland. But its importance in California is increased by the fact that a referendum on the state's controversial fair housing law will be on the ballot in November, where it could influence the Presidential election. This law, making it illegal to discriminate because of race or religion in the sale or rental of housing, is barely one year old, but its opponents quickly gathered the several hundred thousand signatures needed to put the matter to a referendum. One recent opinion survey showed fifty-eight per cent of those questioned were in favor of the referendum, i.e., opposed to the present fair housing law.

It is nonsense to argue that the

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Goldwater victory demonstrated how far California has drifted from the center of American political thinking, but it is not at all nonsensical to speculate how much effect the fair housing vote will have on the rest of the ballot, and it is not farfetched to guess that the Wallace-type vote, coupled with the housing sentiment in California and the broad indications across the nation of white reaction to the "Negro revolt," could easily lift Goldwater, if he becomes the nominee, from sure loser to close contender. The opinion polls in California, showing a majority willing to vote against fair housing, must be taken as a reasonably accurate measure of majority sentiment. Before brushing the figures aside as just another example of crackpot California thinking, let the critics ask themselves how many states with equality and anti-discrimination laws have adopted such legislation by vote of the people?

GOLDWATER may reject the idea, but the California vote demonstrates, even before "the long, hot summer" promised by many militant Negroes, that his real power may have been tapped only slightly. The November outcome, if he becomes the candidate, may rest entirely with those millions of white Americans who are becoming increasingly apprehensive about the impact of civil-rights legislation on their lives. If they vote on this basis, all past bets are off, and all the huge figures of Johnson's popularity must be called into question just as surely as the voters of California discredited the polls showing Rockefeller's popularity.

What happened in Berkeley last year is a case in point. California's Democratic party chieftain, Assembly Speaker Jesse Unruh, antagonized liberals in the state by declaring, prior to a local fair housing referendum, that the legislature ought to hold up its own fair housing bill until after the local vote, to see whether the lawmakers might be running too far ahead of the people. Sophisticated suburban Berkeley, the home of the University of California, rejected the local fair housing ordinance. Not only "crackpot" Southern Californians, it appears, react strongly to home-town civil-rights issues.

AT HOME & ABROAD

The Uneasy Truce Among Nehru's Heirs

RAWLE KNOX

NEW DELHI

THE APPARENT EASE with which Prime Minister Lal Bahadur Shastri won the contest to succeed Nehru in India has barely concealed the fact that the defeated candidates have certainly not given up hope. Seldom have the internal divisions in the Congress Party—the conflicts of ideology, religion, region, and language that Nehru restrained by his towering prestige—revealed themselves more sharply than in the recent contest. Shastri will find the task of reconciling these differences formidable, but it may very well be that he is the one Indian politician who can succeed.

The new prime minister is a socialist without passion and a Hindu without ostentation. For more than ten years he was Nehru's right-hand man in dealing with factional fights in the ruling Congress Party—the smoother-over whom both his party and his country have sorely needed since independence. Shastri was born a Kayasth—that is, one of the clerical caste—in a village near holy Benares in the United Provinces, now included in the state of Uttar Pradesh. It was also Nehru's home state. Shastri joined Gandhi's movement in 1921. The adjective most frequently used to describe his manner is "meek." He looks, in a nice way, like a Walt Disney chipmunk. Once when he was holding court in his New Delhi house—even he has to hold court, because in India the great receive all comers at all hours—he noticed two villagers from his home district on the edge of the throng. The couple hung around for a bit, and then, obviously feeling out of place, quietly departed. Shastri dropped everything, hurried after them, caught them at the bus stop, and found out what was worrying them. A good considerate officer, you would say, one who looks after the troops, although not necessarily the best man for a front-line command. Yet most of Shastri's ministerial career has been concerned with administering law and order.

In 1947, when independence came to India and Pakistan, probably the trickiest job to be handled in a province where Hindus and Muslims were heavily mixed was that of home minister—the post Shastri then held in the United Provinces. His mixed Hindu-Muslim police managed to remain an operational force, an achievement for which he can, but typically does not, take credit. Shastri assumed the post of home minister in Nehru's cabinet in 1961.

Desai's Mixed Bag

Shastri's principal rival, who reportedly came within fifty votes of becoming prime minister in the election by 537 Congress Party members of parliament, is the conservative former finance minister, Morarji Desai. A teetotaler and vegetarian, he specifies his meal requirements in advance when invited to ambassadorial tables and requests that nobody present drink liquor. When he was chief minister of Bombay, I asked him about his increase in taxes on tea and sugar; he replied that when he was a boy he drank only hot water, implying that the sybaritic habit of tea drinking was foisted on the Indians by the British. When as India's finance minister he went abroad for the first time, virtually on a begging mission looking for aid for India, he cowed his host governments into permitting him to travel without inoculations, which he feels might introduce foreign impurities into the blood system. Desai has also written an interesting foreword to a book,

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Urine Therapy, which describes different mixtures of animal urine as a cure for various diseases.

Desai's supporters include the extremely rich leftist "Biju" Patnaik, former chief minister of Orissa State; the ultra left-wing V. K. Krishna Menon; and Jagjivan Ram, leader of the scheduled castes, formerly called "untouchables." Menon is said to have explained his support of the conservative Desai as a preference for a strong right-wing government over an "opportunist" government of the Center that would have to curry favor both with the Right and the Left; but there is strong evidence that the left-wing group of the Congress Party, which had no hope of forming a government of its own, was willing to support Desai in order to win concessions later.

Punjab also backed Desai after its wily chief minister, Sardar Pratap Singh Kairon, had ascertained that Desai would be in favor of continued rule in that state by the Sikhs. Nehru had for years obstinately maintained that Kairon, a Sikh himself, was the only man with a sufficient combination of toughness and cunning to run Punjab—and Nehru had evidence of Kairon's continued though precarious political successes to support him. Many Punjabis claim that Kairon is the one man in the state who *shouldn't* be running it. Since June 15 he hasn't been. Kairon resigned, presumably as a result of a judicial inquiry into charges of corruption.

WHAT finally killed Desai's chances was, first of all, the solidarity of the southern states. The people there are predominantly Dravidians since the Aryan invaders never successfully penetrated the subcontinent that far, and their hostility toward the northerners is based on differences of race, language, and to some extent cultures. Kumaraswami Kamaraj Nadar, the current Congress president, is a sixty-one-year-old southerner from Madras who conducts almost all his party negotiations through an interpreter, since he speaks virtually no Hindi or English. He made certain that if states south of the Godaveri River had to vote for a northerner, that northerner would be Shastri. The southerners knew him to be essentially moderate, and above all not a proselytizer of Hindi, which is the language of Uttar Pradesh and which, according to the Indian constitution, is on some distant day to be the language of all India.

The second factor in Desai's defeat was the decision of the Uttar Pradesh delegation to unite behind Shastri. Uttar Pradesh returns about seventy Congressmen to the two houses of parliament. That fact should have been enough to deter Desai, except that the state's Congress Party has been engaged in an internecine feud for more than a decade. Shastri, the calm and confident man who has settled disputes between warring Bengalis and Assamese and has calmed the passions of rebellious Sikhs in Punjab, has never dared attempt to weld the broken halves of the Congress Party in his own state. Almost certainly he wouldn't be prime minister now if he had tried.

When Shastri became the obvious choice, the Congress delegation from Uttar Pradesh began by splitting for and against him. That immediately gave Desai a chance. There are other states where the Congress Party is divided, notably Bihar and Mysore, and their parliamentary members did the same thing, adding to Desai's strength. Animosities between states also came into play. Bimla Prasad Chaliha, chief minister of Assam, swung his delegation to Desai because Atulya Ghosh, the leader of the West Bengalis, ancient enemies of the Assamese, is a close collaborator of Kamaraj's. Ghosh had placed his Bengalis solidly behind Shastri in the hope that West Bengal's interests—particularly as regards relations with neighboring Pakistan—would be better represented.

At the last moment, the threat of a victory for Desai, who is from the state of Gujarat, sent a wave of state patriotism in favor of Shastri through the dissident members from Uttar Pradesh, though one suspects

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this unity will be ephemeral. The delegates from Maharashtra also lined up against Desai for similar reasons. After independence, Maharashtrians and Gujaratis had engaged in bloody riots in order to carve their own linguistic states from the old province of Bombay and then to decide which state should have Bombay as its capital. The Maharashtrians won, and no Gujarati would be acceptable to them as prime minister.

Which Job for the Rival?

His victory for the succession won, rather more dramatically than appeared on the surface, Shastri acted typically, though perhaps with more speed than Congress President Kamaraj approved of. He offered Desai the deputy prime ministership. Desai as quickly declined on the grounds that "It would be like being Prince of Wales without the assured right of succession." Desai held out for the portfolio of finance, defense, the home ministry, or external affairs.

Sitting in the seat of finance was (and is) T. T. Krishnamachari, who succeeded Desai after Nehru accepted the latter's resignation last year. That resignation was not entirely voluntary. There had been the Kamaraj plan, an idea put forward by the Congress president in full accord with all the principles of humility and public service that the party professes. Every member of the central and state cabinets was to submit his resignation to Nehru, and those whose resignations were accepted would devote their time to instilling new inspiration into what all admitted was a somewhat tired Congress Party. Nehru, in his last attempt at high-handed politicking, accepted the resignations only of men who were inconvenient. One major inconvenience was Desai, who in the first flush of national jingoism after the Chinese invasion of October, 1962, introduced a compulsory savings scheme and made new laws about the hallowed trading in gold. Later, when the Indians saw that the Chinese had gone away, that India was very much as before, that money was being deducted from their monthly wage for savings repayable in the unforeseeable future, and that goldsmiths were committing suicide all over the place, they turned against Desai, and so Nehru dropped him.

Shastri wanted to keep Krishnamachari as finance minister. That left the defense, home, and external affairs ministries. Y. B. Chavan, who succeeded Krishna Menon in the defense ministry, is a Maharashtrian, and the prospect of Desai's appointment to his post would have outraged Shastri's Maharashtrian backers. Gulzarilal Nanda, Nehru's last home minister, who became the caretaker prime minister, had no intention of giving up his No. 2 position in the cabinet for Desai. That left only external affairs. This was a job that Nehru had always

handled himself, but Shastri did not seem eager to follow his example. Desai, however, hardly seemed a man to mix jovially with foreigners, either of West or East, and there remained Home Minister Nanda's objections about seniority if Desai took one of the top portfolios. By this time too, Shastri leaned toward the argument of Finance Minister Krishnamachari that a cabinet which had some chance of agreeing within itself, even if its selection alienated some members of the Congress Party in parliament, would be better than a cabinet sure to start off at loggerheads. Amid considerable tension, Desai refused to accept any lesser post. Shastri had made his bed, but Desai won't make it easy for him to lie in it.

EVERYONE in the Congress Party, with the possible exception of Desai, knows in his heart of hearts that the right man is now the prime minister. Not simply because Nehru implicitly chose him as his successor, but because he is no one's enemy. That's not very easy in a country as large as India and a party as large as the Congress. Simply to be unobjectionable isn't a very impressive qualification, but there is much more to Shastri. Even in the short time since he has taken over, he has evidenced an administrative firmness of decision that was sadly lacking in Nehru's last months.

The most important thing for India in the two and a half years before the next general election is that Shastri's cabinet should pull together. Party President Kamaraj has already warned of the need now for collective responsibility within the government. Previously this had amounted to nothing more than political dialogue because Nehru himself took all the responsibility, often by maintaining an Olympian aloofness amid the argument and then going away and deciding something quite different from any of the proposals.

Cynics say that Kamaraj's plea for collective responsibility merely masks his own determination to make or break any Congress cabinet. Certainly with Kamaraj backstage, the drama of Indian politics is changing. Of the fifteen ministers and Shastri, five are southerners, an unusually large proportion. If members of Shastri's cabinet can go back to their states and report no factional fights at the top level, there is some hope that rivalry within the Congress Party, both between the states and within the states, can ease off. There was no particular virtue in agreement when Nehru alone made the decisions. Some observers theorize that the Congress Party might split in two as did the socialist Kuomintang after Sun Yat-sen's death in 1925. This is much too neat a theory for India. Congress is far more likely to remain one party with twenty factions. But all the regional, caste, and political stresses that Nehru tended latterly to ignore—partly because he didn't want to acknowledge their existence, partly because they were too difficult to solve—are intimately known to Shastri. A great healer is what India wants at the moment, and healing is what Shastri has shown he can do best.

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Goa: A Case of Indigestion

SUNDAR RAJAN

BOMBAY

WHEN Indian administrators moved into Goa after the army had seized the territory in December, 1961, they realized with a sense of shock that the place had been a virtual museum piece for some 450 years. One official estimated that it might take two decades to bring about the emotional and political integration of Goa into the rest of India. The Portuguese had succeeded in isolating Goa from the main currents of Indian life and international democratic thought represented by the benevolent rule of the British in India. Here were some 700,000 people living for the most part in a world of their own, immersed in Portuguese customs and culture. Lisbon, of course, had visions of Goa as a spiritual outpost of Portuguese Catholicism. Dr. Salazar was fond of describing the territory as "the resplendent center of eastern Christendom." Systematic conversion by the Franciscans and Jesuits had turned some forty per cent of the Goans into ardent Catholics—a fact from which stems the bulk of India's post-liberation troubles.

Goa's first free elections were held early last December. The Congress Party was able to win only one out of the thirty seats in the Goan legislative assembly. A hastily formed Hindu party called the Maharashtrawadi Gomantak won fourteen seats, and two of the three independent victors support the Hindu party in the assembly. The Catholic United Goans secured the remaining twelve seats. Thus, Goa is currently the only state in India with a government run by a party other than the Congress Party.

The Congress Party was supremely confident that as the party of Goa's liberation it would sweep the polls, but it was badly beaten because it refused to play the religious game. The Hindu majority in Goa wants the territory's immediate merger with the adjoining Indian state of Maharashtra. The Congress Party, however, has announced that Goa will remain a separate administrative entity under the central government for an indefinite period. The party also promised full religious freedom to Goan Catholics and assured them that they would not be forbidden to use the Portuguese language, in which most of them are more at home than in their native Konkani. In a further attempt to assuage

Catholic suspicions that liberation would be followed by cultural aggrandizement, the Indian government started a large-scale program to rebuild the old churches of Goa.

Unfortunately for the Congress Party, both the Catholics and the Hindus distrusted it. The Catholics thought that merger with Maharashtra should have been emphatically ruled out rather than, as it seemed to many, merely postponed. The Hindus, on the other hand, felt that India's ruling party had let them down badly after they had done so much in the struggle against the Portuguese. The voting in the elections was clearly on religious lines. The Hindus voted for the Maharashtrawadi Gomantak and the Catholics for the United Goans.

THE NEW chief minister, Dayanand Bandodkar, a Hindu, favors merger with Maharashtra, but he is not a fanatic. He has indicated that it is not his intention to press the merger issue now and that he would prefer to carry the Catholic minority with him. But this moderate sentiment is not shared by most of his followers, who want the assembly to pass an early resolution favoring merger and thus present the central government with a political *fait accompli*. The Maharashtra unit of the Indian Congress Party is also clamoring for Goa's merger, and the Socialist and Communist Parties in Maharashtra have threatened a passive-resistance campaign if it does not take place soon. According to one Communist spokesman, his party is ready to send fifteen thousand passive resisters into jail on the issue. The Communists see in the situation opportunities for political rehabilitation in the key Indian state of Maharashtra.

All this has made the Catholics in Goa uneasy. Long accustomed to favored treatment from the Portuguese, they fear that Goa may soon find itself submerged in the vast Hindu sea of India. Religious feelings have been running high in Goa. A correspondent of the *Times of India* reported, "The present communal distrust and suspicion may grow to the point of explosion." Indian Communist journals have launched a vitriolic campaign against the Goan church, accusing its hierarchy of continuing to work for Salazar. So far, the Hindu-Catholic split there has not affected Hindu-Catholic relations in the rest of India, but there is a danger that the growing intolerance between the two Goan communities will not necessarily stop at the territory's frontiers.

Meanwhile, another of the Congress Party's opponents in New Delhi has moved into the situation. The Democratic Socialists, who backed Bandodkar in the Goa elections, are urging the Maharashtrawadi Gomantak to help turn Goa into a political base for an intensified onslaught against the ruling Congress Party, whose consternation and confusion after the defeat last December has now been compounded by Nehru's death.

All in all, the Indian Army's easy victory in Goa has created some rather thorny difficulties for the political leaders who ordered the troops into action.

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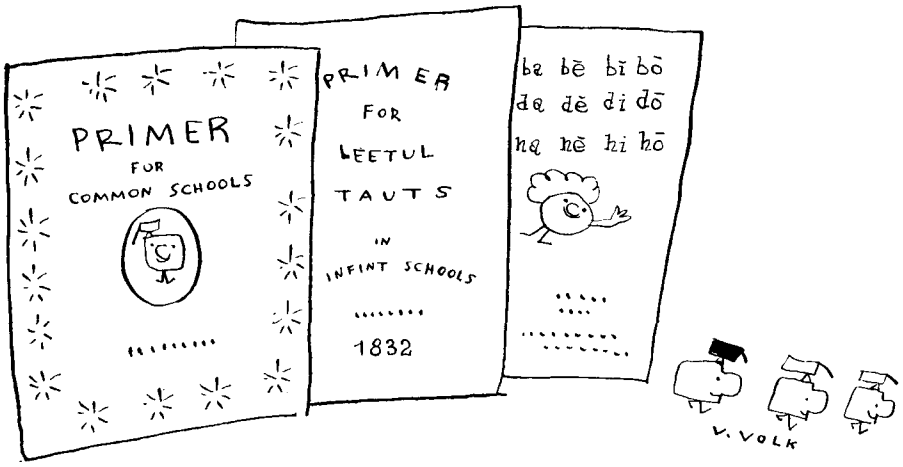

New York's 'Jim Crow' Schools: Bleak Facts and Bright Visions

BARBARA CARTER

SOONER OR LATER the fact had to be faced: with the best will in the world, New York City simply cannot attain the kind of racial integration most civil-rights leaders have been demanding for the public schools. Indeed, the number of predominantly Negro and Puerto Rican schools in many areas is almost certain to increase. These disturbing assessments were at the heart of a sweeping proposal to reorganize the city's schools—concentrating on the quality of education as much as on the arithmetic of integration—that was presented in mid-May by a special advisory committee appointed by State Education Commissioner James E. Allen, Jr. The report, which was critical of the city's record on desegregation, won the praise of both CORE and the NAACP, and even the impulsive Reverend Milton Galamison, who led two school boycotts earlier this year, described the recommendations as a "giant step in the right direction."

In a sense, the praise came cheap. For the state education department has neither the responsibility nor the authority to put its proposals into effect. These burdens lie with the city's board of education, to which the advisory committee's report was directed. The board, which is appointed by the mayor, must look to the city for more than half its funds and to the state for the rest. It's easy enough for an advisory committee to recommend that an additional $250 million be spent each year to make the city's schools "as good as they must become," but idealism may take a somewhat more modest form in the minds of those who have to raise the money. For these and other reasons, it was almost inevitable that the civil-rights forces would be disappointed when the board subsequently announced its plans for only a limited amount of pupil transfer and school rearrangement next fall.

And yet it would be a mistake to underestimate the importance of the Allen committee's report. For one thing, it has helped clear the air for a realistic discussion of the fact that racial segregation is only one aspect of segregation according to social and economic classes. And this is the larger and infinitely more difficult problem that besets nearly all of our metropolitan school systems today.

THE ADVISORY COMMITTEE'S report went a long way toward correcting some of the misconceptions Commissioner Allen himself had inspired a year ago. In June, 1963, when the commissioner instructed school boards throughout the state that segregation must be eliminated, he defined a racially imbalanced school as "one having fifty per cent or more Negro pupils enrolled." The definition could certainly be applied in most of the state, but it was completely inappropriate for New York City. This spring, however, when the Allen committee undertook to prepare its report on "Desegregating the Public Schools of New York City," it commissioned the Institute of Urban studies at Columbia's Teachers College to gather some facts. It is only recently that any records have been kept on the make-up of the school population in New York. Since it is against state law to specify a child's race, Allen directed the schools to keep count by classroom rather than by individual. Although the count depends on the visual judgment of teachers, it is considered generally accurate. The projections based on this count are sobering. Next year more than half of the city's public-school children will be Negro and Puerto Rican, and the committee predicted that in a decade the figure will rise to seventy per cent. After 1975, the Negro-Puerto Rican proportion is expected to become stable somewhere around seventy or seventy-five per cent, although there will be a wide variation among the five boroughs. In Manhattan, for instance, fully seventy-three per cent of the public-school children are already Negro and Puerto Rican, and, more significantly, nearly eighty per cent of the elementary-school children are. Manhattan may well be over the ninety per cent mark in a decade. Queens, on the other hand, will only be up to fifty per cent by then.

How can more than half the school children be Negro and Puerto Rican when only one-fourth of the city's population is? Because, the committee pointed out, the Negroes and Puerto Ricans, often recent migrants to the city, are younger and have younger children than the already settled ethnic groups. At the same time, the whites, in increasing number, have been turning to private schools as the Negro and Puerto Rican proportion shoots up. Right now there are almost as many white children in the city's private schools

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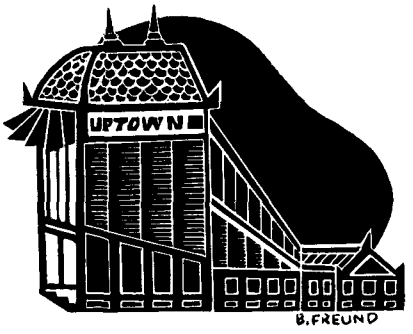
as in its public schools. Moreover, middle-class families (white and Negro alike) have been leaving the city for the suburbs for a variety of reasons, and nothing seems likely to stop this process.

From 6-3-3 to 4-4-4

Because of these figures, the committee did not even attempt to define an "integrated" school. Instead it defined a segregated school as one that was ninety per cent or more Negro and Puerto Rican, and a desegregated school as one that was anything less. And yet even according to these rather astonishing definitions, twenty-two per cent of New York's elementary schools (131 of them) are at present segregated, as are nineteen per cent of its junior highs (twenty-five schools). There is also one segregated high school, but it will be closed this year. The numbers are double what they were five years ago; and if things go on as they have been, in a decade from now, when the minority becomes a substantial majority in the city's schools, thirty-eight per cent rather than twenty-two per cent of its elementary schools will be segregated, twenty-nine per cent rather than nineteen per cent of its junior highs will be, and, depending on where they were built, one or more segregated senior highs could appear.

Although the Allen committee believed that nothing could be done to stop the spread of segregated schools, it was convinced that the rate could be slowed down and that more Negroes and Puerto Ricans could be placed in desegregated schools. The committee was also convinced, however, that any plan it offered would necessarily have to be tailored to keep whites in the system. Thus, it favored preserving the neighborhood primary school, segregated or not. At present there are many more segregated white primary schools (198) than Negro-Puerto Rican ones (131). To get more Negroes and Puerto Ricans into desegregated schools, however, and at the earliest grade possible, the committee proposed that the entire grade system be changed, from a 6-3-3 pattern to a 4-4-4 pattern. This would shift ninth-grade classes into the desegregated high schools and move the fifth- and sixth-grade classes into the junior high or middle schools, which are somewhat less segregated than the elementary schools since they draw on larger areas for their children. It would leave the first four grades intact, and those which were segregated would remain so. Some Negro schools, in fact, would become even more so when the fifth- and sixth-graders left, because the proportion of Negroes and Puerto Ricans is highest in the first and second grades.

This was only the beginning. The committee also recommended that "clusters" of schools, involving several primary schools and one or two middle schools each, be administered as one educational unit. This again would do nothing to change the nature of the segregated primary schools, but they would share facilities such as audio equipment and



auditoriums, teachers, and special staff with the white primary schools. There would be much visiting back and forth. Most of the clusters would be on the fringes of the so-called ghetto areas, and where they involved both Negro and white primary schools, they would help to desegregate the middle schools serving both areas.

But neither the 4-4-4 arrangement nor the clusters would desegregate any schools deep in the ghettos, and would affect only a few on the fringes. For although at first the committee recommended desegregating all the junior highs "immediately," it withdrew the word in later copies of the report, and was vague about whether it meant to include the junior highs deep in the ghettos.

The committee was even vaguer about its most sweeping proposal of all, the one that seemed to promise the most desegregration. The committee proposed that at some unspecified time far in the future the clusters of middle and primary schools should be housed in gigantic educational "parks" that would accommodate fifteen thousand pupils each. But the report neglected to say how such a number of students could be gathered together without the sort of long-distance bussing to which the committee was firmly opposed.

There wasn't very much said about how the money would be found to do the job right, either. And rearranging the school system, costly and time-consuming in itself, was by no means all the committee had in mind. Certain educational improvements were considered essential if the rearrangement was to have any meaning, and the urgency of these improvements was stressed in any case. The committee insisted, for instance, that the primary schools be nongraded schools, so that the slow learners could be given a chance to learn to read before being sent on from grade to grade in the sure prospect of falling further and further behind. It also recommended prekindergarten schools for three- and four-year-olds, particularly in the slums, so that more children could benefit fully from their schooling when it began. The price tag the committee put on its proposals would add $250 million to the city's present school budget of $800 million. To many, the sum seemed completely unrealistic, representing just so much "pie in the sky." To others, the ambitious recommendations represented a hopeful beginning, at least, in coupling concern about the racial composition of the city's schools with an awareness of the equally compelling need to improve the quality of education in those schools.

Do They Have to Be Bad?

For all its vagueness, the committee was absolutely clear on one point: "Total desegregation of all schools . . . is simply not attainable in the foreseeable future and neither planning nor pressure can change that fact." It is a point with which many civil-rights leaders agree. "We have never demanded that every school be desegregated," June Shagaloff, the NAACP's special assistant for education, has said more than once. And indeed, what can be done to desegregate the schools deep in the ghettos? Would it solve the problem to bus

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whites into Harlem, as Galamison has suggested? Even the least prejudiced whites might object to having their children bussed into schools they repeatedly hear described as inferior (as might Negro parents living outside the ghetto areas). What would be accomplished when more whites fled to the suburbs? Should all the Harlem schools be closed then, and the children bussed out to others in the city? Leaving aside the problem of where to find space for the Harlem pupils, would all the long-distance bussing involved actually be worth the uncertain advantage of just sitting next to a white child?

"To argue that no classroom can be good without a white child in it," the committee wrote, "is inaccurate and cruel." The statement suggests that perhaps the time has come to ask if the excellence of a school as well as of a classroom necessarily depends upon the number of white children in it, for the residential patterns that create segregated schools in the North are not likely to disappear. At least there is not much a school board can do about them. And even when residential barriers are finally broken and Negroes can live wherever they please, there may still be large areas in Northern urban centers that are predominantly Negro. Consequently, there will still be some schools that are more or less segregated. Are they bound to be inferior schools?

The answer provided by history, of course, would be "Yes." Such schools have always been inferior, and their effect on Negro children, in the North as well as the South, still has, as the Supreme Court said ten years ago, "a tendency to retard . . . educational and mental development." They still generate in Negro children "a feeling of inferiority as to their status in the community that may affect their hearts and minds in a way unlikely ever to be undone," and the damage, which unfortunately begins in the earliest grades where the most segregation is likely to continue, is almost impossible to undo later on.

Dr. Clark's Priorities

There is no one who feels more strongly about this damage than Dr. Kenneth B. Clark, one of the three members of the Allen committee. (The others were Rabbi Judah Cohen and President John H. Fischer of the Columbia Teachers College.) It was Dr. Clark, a professor of psychology at City College, who supplied the relevant research on the harmful effects of segregration cited in the Supreme Court's decision. Just after the decision it was Dr. Clark, raised in Harlem himself, who brought the North up short by using the epithet "Jim Crow" to describe the city's *de facto* segregated schools. And it was Dr. Clark who recently substantiated a nine-year-old study by the Public Education Association indicating that predominantly Negro schools are woefully inferior to predominantly white schools in the city on every count—class size, teacher qualifications, physical plant, and student achievement. The PEA report had demonstrated that the IQs of many Negro children were markedly lowered as they "progressed" through the Negro schools, so that students apparently had less ability when they left than when they entered. And Dr. Clark's later study of the Harlem schools showed that the situation had not improved in nine years; the process, if anything, had accelerated. Dr. Clark still does not hesitate to refer to New York City's "Jim Crow" schools.

YET Dr. Clark helped draft the statement that it is both "inaccurate and cruel" to say that a classroom can't be good without a white child in it. And he would willingly extend the statement to cover a school as well. Dr. Clark is just as concerned about the education of Negro children as he is about desegregation, and this concern has led him to suggest priorities that other Negroes have bitterly criticized as a return to the "separate but equal" doctrine. For instance, Dr. Clark has written that raising the level of education in Harlem "cannot be delayed or obscured by ideological controversies such as 'separate but equal.' These are important and difficult issues, but they cannot be given precedence over the fact that the present generation of Negro children have only one life within which they can be prepared to take their places in the mainstream of American society. . . . The upgrading of the quality of education in predominantly Negro and Puerto Rican schools to a level of educational excellence is an unavoidable first step in any realistic program for the desegregation of these schools."

Dr. Clark told me that he does not see at present how some schools in central Harlem can ever be desegregated unless more whites are attracted back to the city. And he does not see how the flight of whites can be stopped except by making the city schools "citadels of educational excellence."

Not all Negroes share Dr. Clark's point of view. The Allen committee's plan was flatly rejected, for instance, by the New York *Amsterdam News*, a Negro weekly, whose banner headline after the report was issued read: "Dr. Ken Clark Helps Kill Integrated Schools." The Urban League refused to go along with "so negative an approach," and Galamison, the boycott leader who had been quoted in praise of the report in the New York *Times*, took a much more negative position in the *Amsterdam News*.

What About Next Fall?

Two weeks after the Allen committee's report was issued, Dr. Calvin E. Gross, the city's school superintendent, announced the measures that will be taken toward desegregating the schools this fall. Only a few of them were drawn from the committee's report: some ninth-graders will be shifted into senior highs and some sixth-graders will go into the junior highs to take their places; a few administrative clusters are to be set up; and pre-kindergarten classes are scheduled for twenty-three schools. But the rest of the superintendent's plan followed policies already established by the board: there will be more rezoning and the pairing of four Negro with four white elementary schools—a fifth of the number the board had originally promised. In pairing two elementary schools, all the children go to one school for the first three grades and to the other for the rest.

Except for the pairing, the measures can do little to decrease the number of segregated schools, and not much in the way of getting Negro and Puerto Rican children into desegregated ones. Nevertheless,

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the white Parents and Taxpayers groups reacted vociferously against the superintendent's plan to shift pupils and pair a few schools. They plan to bring suit against the board and warn that the program will only drive more white students out of the school system. The Gross plan's reception was not much warmer among civil-rights groups, who consider it far too limited and piecemeal. Nevertheless, after working out certain compromises or "refinements" with Dr. Gross, the civil-rights groups have agreed somewhat reluctantly to go along with the arrangements for next fall.

It was inevitable, after all, that Dr. Gross's proposals would be examined both more closely and more critically than the sweeping recommendations put forward by the Allen committee. For the school board, unlike the state's advisers, is endowed with the awesome power and responsibility of turning its words into action.

MEANWHILE the Allen committee's report has not been laid on the shelf to gather dust. Both the NAACP and CORE, for instance, which disagree over sections of the report, are nonetheless demanding that the superintendent bring his program more in line with the committee's long-range goal. They want more administrative clusters set up, and they want them to be considered as a bridge to the eventual establishment of educational parks rather than as an end in themselves. For to the NAACP and CORE, the educational parks offer the tantalizing prospect of total desegregation someday far in the future. Preoccupied as they may be, however, with the matter of racial balance, they share the Allen committee's concern about making the education offered in the city's schools more relevant and useful for more of its children.

But perhaps the committee's most important contribution was simply in calling attention to the information that must provide the perspective for any change in the city's schools. "We wanted to know the facts," Dr Clark told me recently. "A lot of people are saying things without knowing the facts. We wanted to get them, no matter how disturbing they might be."

The Choice in Chile: Left or Far Left?

STANLEY ROTHMAN

EVER SINCE the candidate of the Socialist-Communist Popular Action Front won an impressive victory in a by-election for the Chilean congress in March, alarms have been sounded in the U.S. press and in Washington that Chile may be on the verge of a political upheaval that could take the country far to the Left. The U.S. concern is mingled with some bewilderment, because reform-minded Chile is a bulwark of the Alliance for Progress and has long enjoyed a stable society with relatively strong democratic traditions. Indeed, it is through the democratic process that Dr. Salvador Allende, the Popular Action Front (FRAP) leader, hopes to become in September the first avowed Marxist to be elected president in a South American country.

Democratic stability is just one of the attributes that make Chile different from its Latin neighbors. The army was professionalized quite early and, with one exception, has not actively intervened in politics during this century. The courts and elections are honest by Latin-American standards. The traditional elite has understood the importance of undertaking reforms to meet the pressing demands of the underprivileged classes. Politics follows a European pattern, the more important parties ranging from a Conservative Party and a Liberal Party on the Right, through a *petit-bourgeois*, anti-clerical Radical Party, to the Socialists and Communists, who make common cause in FRAP on the Left. In recent years, as in Europe, a left-of-Center Christian Democratic Party has become increasingly important, and it offers the main opposition to FRAP in the fall elections.

IN OTHER RESPECTS, however, Chile's problems are the same ones that plague the rest of the continent. The situation is familiar: four per cent of the population own more than seventy per cent of the land, and ten per cent receive more than half the national income, while the peasants are landless or work plots that are too small to yield more than mere subsistence. The giant estates are so inefficient that in a country which could easily feed a much larger population many basic foodstuffs must be imported. Chile, like most other Latin-American countries, lacks a skilled work force, just as it lacks an adequate entrepreneurial class. Two American companies control eighty per cent of the production of copper, the nation's all-important export. Most other large industries are owned by foreigners or dominated by the relatively small non-Spanish minorities: Lebanese, Jewish, Italian, and English. Population is growing extremely rapidly and is clustered in miserable slums around Santiago, the capital. And, most important, traditional controls are breaking down as the aspirations of the masses continue to rise more rapidly than they can possibly be satisfied.

For most of the past five years, these problems have been dealt with in a way that kept them from becoming explosive. The country has

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been ably run by a coalition of the Conservative, Liberal, and Radical Parties called the Democratic Front (FD) and headed by a businessman, Jorge Alessandri, who has managed to create the image of a hard-working, honest administration. He attacked Chile's chronic inflation and stabilized prices for several years. Under some prodding from the United States, a mild but still trail-blazing agricultural reform bill was passed. The congress finally adopted a stiff tax bill, including severe penalties for income-tax evasion. After a ten-year development plan was instituted, the rate of growth rose to about five per cent per year, unemployment was cut from about 9.5 per cent to 5.4 per cent, and construction of new housing units increased with astonishing rapidity.

Unfortunately for the coalition parties, Chilean law prohibits a second term, and even if the constitution were amended to permit one—as the Liberals proposed—Alessandri has firmly ruled himself out of the race. In any case, the days of the régime's popularity were numbered. The economy took a sharp turn for the worse at the end of last year. During 1963 the cost of living had risen 45.4 per cent and the pace accelerated to reach crisis proportions last February, when the price of certain key commodities jumped fifty per cent.

The Big Shift in Curicó

This was the situation in March when a congressional by-election in rural Curicó Province offered a chance for all the parties to test their strength in a warm-up for the presidential campaign.

Julio Durán, a Radical senator who was the Democratic Front's candidate to succeed Alessandri, hazarded both his personal prestige and that of the government coalition in calling for an endorsement of the administration by Curicó's voters. Allende and Eduardo Frei, the presidential candidate of the Christian Democrats, accepted the challenge and vigorously attacked the government's policies in the provincial campaign. When it was over the FRAP candidate, a Socialist, had won by a wide margin. The Democratic Front candidate came in second, closely followed by the Christian Democrat. Compared with the nationwide municipal elections of 1963, the FRAP vote had risen from 29.1 to 39.3 per cent in Curicó, while the FD dropped from 49.5 to 29.1 per cent and the Christian Democrats increased from 21.5 to 27.3 per cent. Durán took the outcome as a repudiation of his candidacy. He withdrew from the presidential race and the Democractic Front coalition ticket collapsed. The Socialists and Communists hailed the results as marking a swing to the Left that would carry Allende into the presidency this fall.

Actually, the victory of the FRAP candidate was the result of a variety of factors, not all of which are of national significance. For example, he is the son of the Socialist deputy whose death precipitated the election. He is also a doctor who has worked actively among the poor. But there is no disputing that the Curicó election and the subsequent collapse of the government coalition gave a considerable boost to the presidential prospects of Allende, who in the presidential election of 1958 received some 28.9 per cent of the vote as against 31.6 for Alessandri.

THE RAPID RISE of another opposition group, the Christian Democratic Party, brought a new figure to the foreground—Senator Eduardo Frei, Allende's chief opponent as election day draws near. In 1963 the Christian Democrats' twenty-three per cent of the vote in the muncipal elections established it as the largest single party in Chile and broke the hold of the FRAP in many working-class areas. Almost overnight Frei, a fifty-three-year-old lawyer and former Chilean delegate to the United Nations, became the man with *machismo* (vaguely translatable as "virility," a charismatic quality that Latin voters respect). His popularity challenged, Allende became the butt of many jokes, exaggerating his arrogance, wealth, and high style of living (he wears several suits in the course of each day).

More importantly, the Christian Democrats are stealing Allende's thunder. Their attacks on the government and the class structure of Chile are at least as sharp as his, and they too are offering a radical (though rather vague) program designed to bring about a social revolution. They have developed a strong organization with considerable appeal to young people—Christian Democrats now control the Chilean Students Federation in eight of the nine universities—and engage in social work and campaign in the slums.

As the Christian Democrats gained, Allende's FRAP seemed less and less a threat. The FRAP rallies lacked en-

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thusiasm and even Allende's most militant supporters seemed to be discouraged. Both the Christian Democrats and the government's Democratic Front went on talking of him as a menace, but their warnings were in part rhetorical, each striving to convince the voters that they were the only alternative to a Communist Chile. So low had Allende's stock fallen by last October that a Gallup poll indicated that if he had been running against Alessandri at that point he would have been beaten by more than three to one, and that he was running a very poor second to Frei. But the return of inflation and the Curicó election came just in time to revive Allende's dwindling appeal. Now the hopes of FRAP militants are rising once again. For one thing, they are hoping that the breakup of the Democratic Front will provide Allende with many Radical votes.

The Roving Radicals

The Chilean Radical Party, like the French Radical Socialists, is characterized by a kind of schizophrenia. It began its life as a violently anti-clerical party of liberal reform. Its main enemies were the Conservatives and Liberal Parties, and it was closely connected with Chilean Freemasonry. (Allende is a Mason.) These factors are still important among teachers and other professionals in the party. But a good deal of Radical support now comes from small landowners and shopkeepers who, despite their anti-clericalism, are deeply hostile to modernization and the Left, and who would rather remain in a right-wing coalition than support a party of left-wing reform. Only the relative looseness of party discipline and the desire to retain the advantages of being part of the government have kept the party together.

The choice of Julio Durán, a Radical, as the governing coalition's presidential candidate was a concession by Conservative leaders to the Radical Party, but it alienated those rank-and-file Liberals and Conservatives who take their religion seriously. When Durán withdrew in tears after the Curicó election, he was prevailed upon by his party to run on an independent ticket as a Radical. There is absolutely no chance that he will win, and the move must be seen as one designed to hold the party together and/or provide some leeway for bargaining in a close election. But such is the disaffection in the party that many Radicals may end up backing Allende. The party's student wing has already announced that it will support Allende's candidacy; and since the Radical Party is second in size to the Christian Democrats, the decisions made by the party rank and file in the next few months could play a key role.

Frei, the Christian Democratic candidate, also hopes to gain by the breakup of the Democratic Front. He expects to get heavy backing from the Conservatives and the Liberals, and even some support from

those Radicals whose anxiety about the threat of a Marxist president outweighs their loyalty to Durán and their anti-clerical bias.

THE ELECTION in September seems sure to be a close one. It is also certain that Chile will move to the Left whether Frei or Allende is the winner; the only question is how far. The Christian Democratic Party program calls for stiffer tax and land-reform laws, a great deal more control over the economy—including some nationalization—and more extensive social reforms. At one time Frei seemed to share Allende's views about nationalizing the American-controlled copper companies. He now argues against nationalization and asserts that he will encourage private investment in Chile, provided it is willing to operate under "reasonable" controls. In the case of copper, this means essentially more Chilean control over sales and a provision for all copper ore to be refined in the country.

One reason for the relative vagueness of much of the Christian Democratic Party's program is the diversity of its factions. These range from its left wing, which would like to form an alliance with the Socialists, to recent converts from conservatism, who see it only as the least dangerous party of the Left.

Just how far to the Left an Allende administration would be prepared to go is equally difficult to assess. The strength of the Socialists and Communists in the FRAP alliance is about equal: in the 1963 elections the Socialists polled 11.5 per cent of the votes, compared to the Communists' 12.7. Many Socialists seem to be more of the doctrinaire Pietro Nenni variety than social democrats. Indeed, the first thing that greets a visitor upon entering Socialist Party headquarters in Santiago is a huge picture of Lenin. Allende's office in the Congreso Nacional is cluttered with photographs from Mao's China and Castro's Cuba; I saw none from the Soviet Union. Many Chileans feel that the Socialists at present are actually more likely to support violent action than are the Communists.

Allende admires Castro but he does not publicly use Leninist categories. While he would nationalize the banks and utilities companies as well as the copper, nitrate, and iron mines and would institute a "radical" program of land reform, he professes to believe that the total collectivization of agriculture and industry is neither necessary nor wise in the immediate future. He says he is willing to join in a coalition with the Christian Democrats for immediate reforms on a variety of fronts and has constantly criticized those in his party and among the Communists who wish to move too quickly. The army, he believes, would not oppose his taking office, but he readily admitted that a really radical program might arouse the hostility of the military.

Allende combines a kind of romantic leftism with considerable opportunism; perhaps he has never really thought through a consistent ideological position. Once in office, however, he would probably find himself under considerable pressure to satisfy the radical demands he has helped to create. This would be

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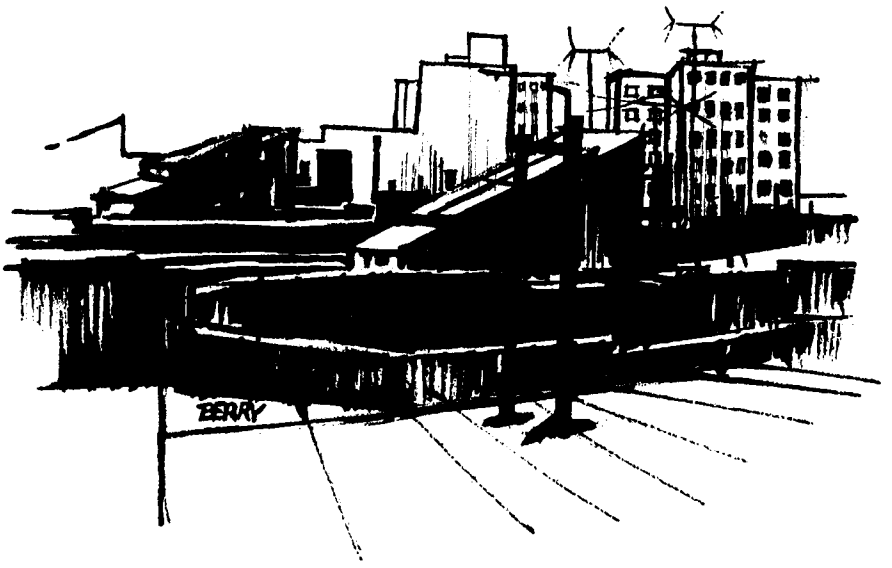
all the more true if as a result of an Allende victory both Chilean and foreign capital should take flight. The predictable U.S. reaction to nationalization or other radical measures—a cutback of the aid program—would only hasten the radicalization process.

American investments in Chile have already tapered off. Both American copper companies announced last year the abandonment of planned expansions because of the severe Chilean tax on profits (up to eighty-two per cent), although uncertainty about the future political climate doubtless played a role in their decisions. Further, there is evidence that a number of timid souls among the Chilean well-to-do are already sending a larger portion of their funds abroad. Ironically, this could adversely affect the pace of industrial activity and thus contribute to Allende's chances of winning.

IF NO CANDIDATE receives a majority, the present legislature must choose the president. Since FRAP does not have a majority there, Allende could conceivably be passed over. The legislature has confirmed the man with a plurality in every election thus far, however, and is likely to do so again. Legislative elections will not be held until next March; so even if Allende should win in September, he would probably have to work within the framework of some sort of broader coalition, unless the constitution were modified. Despite these restraints, of course, the polarization of Chilean politics could produce violent upheaval.

As of now, however, the Christian Democrat Frei seems to be ahead. He could be counted on to undertake a fairly effective program of social reform and set a new tone for the country. This is true in part because the leading members of the party are technicians, many of them trained in the United States, and in part, as Frei pointed out in an interview, because the Christian Democrats can count on increasing aid from the United States even if they step quite hard on our toes. The United States would have to support him, he said, because if he failed, then the FRAP would undoubtedly come to power soon afterward. He is probably right on both counts.

VIEWS & REVIEWS



A Window Full of Sky

ANZIA YEZIERSKA

A FEW BLOCKS away from the roominghouse where I live is an old people's home. "Isle of the Dead," I used to call it. But one day, after a severe attack of neuritis, I took a taxi to that house of doom from which I had fled with uncontrollable aversion for years. Cripples in wheelchairs and old men and women on benches stared into vacancy—joyless and griefless, dead to rapture and despair. With averted eyes I swept past these old people, sunning themselves like the timbers of some unmourned shipwreck.

The hallman pointed out a door marked "Miss Adcock, Admissions." I rapped impatiently. Almost as though someone had been waiting, the door opened, and there was Miss Adcock trimly tailored with not a hair out of place. Just looking at her made me conscious of my shabbiness, my unbrushed hair escaping from under my crumpled hat, the frayed elbows of my old coat. She pulled out a chair near her desk. Even her posture made me acutely aware of my bent old age.

The conflict, days and nights, whether to seek admission to the home or to die alone in my room, choked speech. A thin thread of saliva ran down from the corner of my mouth. I tried to wipe it away with my fingers. Miss Adcock handed me a Kleenex with a smile that helped me start talking.

"I've been old for a long, long time," I began, "but I never felt old before. I think I've come to the end of myself."

"How old are you?"

"Old enough to come here."

"When were you born?"

"It's such a long time ago. I don't remember dates."

Miss Adcock looked at me without speaking. After a short pause she resumed her probing.

"Where do you live?"

"I live in a roominghouse. Can anyone be more alone than a roomer in a roominghouse?" I tried to look into her eyes, but she looked through me and somehow above me.

"How do you support yourself?"

"I have a hundred dollars a month, in Social Security."

"You know our minimum rate is $280 a month."

"I've been paying taxes all my life. I understood that my Social Security would be enough to get me in here. . . ."

"It can be processed through Welfare."

I stood up, insulted and injured:

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"Welfare is charity. Why surrender self-respect to end up on charity?"

"Welfare is government assistance, and government assistance is not charity," Miss Adcock calmly replied. "I would like to explain this more fully when I have more time. But right now I have another appointment. May I come to see you tomorrow?"

I looked at Miss Adcock and it seemed to me that her offer to visit me was the handclasp of a friend. I was hungry for hope. Hope even made me forget my neuritis. I dismissed the thought of a taxi back to the roominghouse. I now had courage to attempt hobbling back with the aid of my cane. I had to pause to get my breath and rest on the stoops here and there, but in a way hope had cured me.

THE PROSPECT of Miss Adcock's visit gave me the strength to clean my room. Twenty years ago, when I began to feel the pinch of forced retirement, I had found this top-floor room. It was in need of paint and plumbing repairs. But the afternoon sun that flooded the room and the view across the wide expanse of tenement roofs to the Hudson and the Palisades beyond made me blind to the dirty walls and dilapidated furniture. Year after year the landlord had refused to make any repairs, and so the room grew dingier and more than ever in need of paint.

During my illness I had been too depressed to look at the view. But now I returned to it as one turns back to cherished music or poetry. The sky above the river, my nourishment in solitude, filled the room with such a great sense of space and light that my spirits soared in anticipation of sharing it with Miss Adcock.

When Miss Adcock walked into my room, she exclaimed: "What a nice place you have!" She made me feel that she saw something special in my room that no one else had ever seen. She walked to the window. "What a wonderful view you have here. I wonder if it will be hard for you to adjust to group living—eating, sleeping, and always being with others."

"I can no longer function alone," I told her. "At my age people need people. I know I have a lot to learn, but I am still capable of learning. And I feel the Home is what I need."

As if to dispel my anxiety, she said, "If you feel you can adjust to living with others, then of course the Home is the place for you. We must complete your application and arrange for a medical examination as soon as possible. By the way, wouldn't you like to see the room we have available right now? There are many applicants waiting for it."

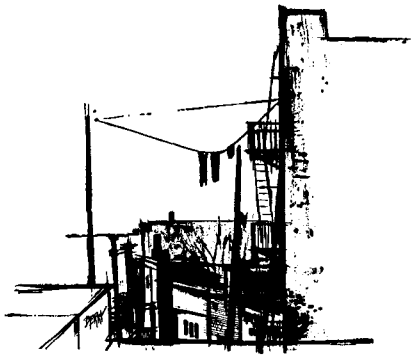
"I don't have to see the room," I said in a rush.

She pressed my hand and was gone.

ABOUT two weeks later, Miss Adcock telephoned that I had passed the medical examination and the psychiatrist's interview. "And now," she said, " all that is necessary is to establish your eligibility for Welfare."

"Oh, thank you," I mumbled, unable to conceal my fright. "But what do you mean by eligibility? I thought I was eligible. Didn't you say . . . ?"

In her calm voice, she interrupted: "We have our own Welfare man. He



comes to the Home every day. I'll send him to see you next Monday morning. As soon as I can receive his report, we can go ahead."

The Welfare man arrived at the appointed time.

"I'm Mr. Rader," he announced. "I am here to find out a few things to complete your application for the Home." The light seemed to go out of the room as he took possession of the chair. He was a thin little man, but puffed up, it seemed to me, with his power to give or withhold "eligibility." He put his attaché case reverently on the table, opened it, and spread out one closely printed sheet. "Everything you say," he cautioned, "will of course be checked by the authorities." He had two fountain pens in his breast pocket, one red and one black. He selected the black one. "How long have you lived here?"

"Twenty years."

"Show me the receipts." He leaned back in his chair and looked around the room with prying eyes. He watched me ruffling through my papers.

"I must have last month's receipt somewhere. But I don't bother with receipts. I pay the rent . . . they know me," I stammered. I saw him make rapid, decisive notations on his form.

"What are your assets?" he continued.

My lips moved but no words came out.

"Have you any stocks or bonds? Any insurance? Do you have any valuable jewelry?"

I tried to laugh away my panic. "If I had valuable jewelry, would I apply to get into the Home?"

"What are your savings? Let me see your bankbook." I stopped looking for the rent receipts and ransacked the top of my bureau. I handed him the bankbook. "Is that all your savings?" he asked. "Have you any more tucked away somewhere?" He looked intently at me. "This is only for the last few years. You must have had a bank account before this."

"I don't remember."

"You don't remember?"

Guilt and confusion made me feel like a doddering idiot. "I never remember where I put my glasses. And when I go to the store, I have to write a list or I forget what I came to buy."

"Have you any family or friends who can help you?" He glanced at his watch, wound it a little, and lit a cigarette, puffing impatiently. "Have you any professional diplomas? Do you go to a church or synagogue?"

I saw him making quick notes of my answers. His eyes took in every corner of the room and fixed on the telephone. He tapped it accusingly.

"That's quite an expense, isn't it?"

"I know it's a luxury," I said, "but for me it's a necessity."

He leaned forward. "You say you have no friends and no relatives. Who pays for it? Can you afford it?"

"I use some of my savings to pay for it. But I have to have it."

"Why do you have to have it?"

"I do have a few friends," I said impulsively, "but I'm terribly eco-

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nomical. Usually my friends call me."

I could feel my heart pounding. My "eligibility," my last stand for shelter, was at stake. It was a fight for life.

"Mr. Rader," I demanded, "haven't people on Social Security a burial allowance of $250? I don't want a funeral. I have already donated my body to a hospital for research. I claim the right to use that $250 while I am alive. The telephone keeps me alive."

He stood up and stared out the window. Then he turned to me, his forehead wrinkling: "I never handled a case like this before. I'll have to consult my superiors."

He wrote hastily for a few minutes, then closed the attaché case. "Please don't phone me. The decision rests in the hands of my superiors."

When the door closed, there was neither thought nor feeling left in me. How could Miss Adcock have sent this unseeing, unfeeling creature? But why blame Miss Adcock? Was she responsible for Welfare? She had given me all she had to give.

To calm the waiting time, I decided to visit the Home. The woman in charge took great pride in showing me the spacious reception hall, used on social occasions for the residents. But the room I was to live in was a narrow coffin, with a little light coming from a small window.

"I do not merely sleep in my room," I blurted out. "I have to live in it. How could I live without my things?"

She smiled and told me, "We have plenty of storage room in the house, and I'll assign space for all your things in one of the closets."

"In one of the closets! What earthly good will they do me there?" I suddenly realized that it would be hopeless to go on. Perhaps the coffin-like room and the darkness were part of the preparation I needed.

Back in my own place, the sky burst in upon me from the window and I was reminded of a long-forgotten passage in *War and Peace.* Napoleon, walking through the battlefield, sees a dying soldier and, holding up the flag of France, declaims: "Do you know, my noble hero, that you have given your life for your country?"

"Please! Please!" the soldier cries. "You are blotting out the sky."

A Life on Four Records

FREDERIC V. GRUNFELD

When Anton Webern was accidentally shot and killed by an American soldier in September, 1945, at the age of sixty-one, only a handful of people had any idea of the man's true greatness as a composer. Nor was there any reason to suppose that in another decade he would emerge as the most important single influence on modern music. During his lifetime Webern had been regarded as not much more than a marginal figure in an unpromising movement—the so-called "twelve-tone" or "dodecaphonic" school founded by his teacher and friend, Arnold Schönberg. Within a few years of his death, however, a new generation of avant-gardists had discovered in his music all the ineffable and paradoxical qualities to which they themselves aspired: sensuous austerity, rigid freedom, clamorous silence.

The "Age of Webern" was launched by young experimenters like Pierre Boulez and Karlheinz Stockhausen, who are now nostalgic about the early postwar years "when Webern's scores were passed from hand to hand in manuscript copies, and when friendships were sealed on the basis of common affinities for this music." After 1950, Webern was warmly welcomed, even as a shibboleth, in Paris, Princeton, Darmstadt, and Los Angeles. "Tell me how you stand on Webern and I'll tell you who you are," proclaimed the program notes for the modernist conclave at Donaueschingen in 1959.

Igor Stravinsky has said that Webern is both a great composer and "a real hero" as a human being: "Doomed to total failure in a deaf world of ignorance and indifference, he inexorably kept on cutting out his diamonds, his dazzling diamonds. . . ." This lapidary image refers both to the gemlike clarity of Webern's works and to the fact that they are so few. "The Complete Music of Anton Webern" recorded for Columbia under Robert Craft takes about three hours to play—a lifetime of work on four LP records.

Many of his songs and pieces are less than a minute long. The six breathtaking "Bagatelles for String Quartet," for example, last less than four minutes. "Think what abstemiousness is necessary to express oneself so concisely," said Schönberg in his foreword to these pieces. "Any glance can be stretched into a poem, any sigh into a novel. But to express a novel in a single gesture, a destiny in a single breath—such concentration can only be found where there is a proportionate lack of sentimentality."

Yet in most respects, Webern was very much a child of his time, the flowery Viennese *Jugendstil* epoch, 1900-1914, when Gustav Klimt, Karl Kraus, and Hugo von Hofmannsthal, among others, maintained a precarious balance between the cerebral and the sentimental. Meeting the expansive Gustav Mahler and hearing his music was one of the "supremely happy memories" of Webern's student days. It is inherent in the attraction of opposites that Webern, master of the one-minute string quartet, should have been a passionate admirer of Mahler, master of the two-hour symphony.

Coming from an old line of Tyrolean aristocrats, he was christened Anton von Webern but dropped the "von" when hereditary titles were abolished by the Austrian Republic after the First World War. He was born in Vienna in 1883, but was brought up in various provincial cities where his father was a government director of mines. After the turn of the century he studied musicology under Guido Adler at the University of Vienna and earned a doctorate by editing the liturgical music of Heinrich Isaac (c. 1450-1517). Early sixteenth-century choral music appealed to him for the same reasons that critics now admire his work—its contrapuntal ingenuity and "self-contained, separately comprehensible, wonderfully animated construction," as he described it.

In 1904 both Webern and his

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gifted friend Alban Berg became pupils of Schönberg, who was only thirty but already known as a brilliant teacher and theorist. Forming an *ad hoc* committee of three, they conducted an exhaustive investigation of the day's most pressing harmonic problem—the gradual erosion of traditional key relationships that had begun with Wagner's *Tristan*. Webern explained afterward that Schönberg & Co. were "not responsible for the dissolution of tonality, and we ourselves did not create the new law; it forced itself on us; we were overpowered by it."

"Tonality" is one of those purely musical concepts which can be demonstrated on the piano in three minutes and take three hundred pages to explain in print. To put it as briefly as possible: in the conventional major and minor keys, the repetition of the predominant notes of the scale pulls the ears toward certain centers of gravity. This drag effect plays an important part in determining the form and balance of a given piece of music. There is the traditional requirement, for example, that a movement must begin and end in the same key, and that the final chord must reaffirm the tonic, or "ground tone." Since the late Romantics had already stretched these rules to the breaking point, Schönberg and his friends felt that "the time was simply ripe for the disappearance of tonality."

By 1908 they were ready to abandon the use of key signatures: "We no longer need these relationships; our ear is satisfied without tonality." During a series of experiments extending over a dozen years, "Schönberg one day discovered, by way of intuition, the law which is the basis of twelve-tone composition." The gravitational force of traditional tonality can be overcome, he reasoned, if no note in the scale is repeated until all the others have been sounded, so that all notes have "equal rights." In a strict dodecaphonic piece, the twelve notes of the chromatic scale are arranged into a basic, nonrepetitive set—a "tone row" that might read 6-10-9-2-1-5-3-4-12-11-7-8, for example. No note may appear out of its proper order in the basic set, though as the piece goes on the set itself may be run off backwards, or upside down, or "held up to a mirror."

Schonberg used the effect of aural weightlessness to induce a kind of vertigo in the inner ear—a style ideally suited to what one critic called "the psychoanalytic depiction of intimate sentiments." His stream-of-consciousness music conveys the same Expressionist *Angst* that stares out of Edvard Munch's and James Ensor's paintings. But where Schönberg's first concern is with expression, Webern's guiding principle is compression. One of the things he liked about the twelve-tone method was that it did away with the need for working up to a tonic closing. "That a piece of music has ended one notices anyhow," he observed laconically. When Webern has finished with a piece, there is neither a formal coda nor final punctuation; he just stops. His works are like small dodecaphonic islands in an immense bay of silence, with rocky coastlines that plunge abruptly into the sea. And the view from any headland is reminiscent of a Klee.

After his formal adoption of the twelve-tone system in Opus 16, Webern wrote fourteen more works totaling less than an hour and a half—a major part of it in the form of songs and cantatas. The early lieder have texts by poets like Rilke and Stefan George, but after 1930 he confined himself to the verses of a lady named Hildegard Jone, a deservedly unpublished poet and painter whose husband, the sculptor Josef Humplik, made a now famous portrait bust of Webern. "Their meaning escapes me," writes Robert Craft about Mrs. Jone's poems, "the sentiment puts one off the search." This is the most polite way of saying it. Her work is like the verse that maiden aunts send to small-town newspapers, "full of tears and flapdoodle," as Mark Twain put it. And not only "waves of tears," but "eternal sweetness," "the butterfly's last glance," "love ringing the tocsin of the heart's bells," and a whole hotbed of horticultural images—blooming flowers, blossoming springtimes, leaves of grass, linden fragrances, and the dark realm of roots.

Yet even in this curious tropism toward garden *Kitsch*, Webern was merely being true to the *Zeitgeist* of his youth. What was called *Jugendstil* in Vienna and *art nouveau* in Paris was basically a movement to bring biological forms and sinuous plant curves into an already too industrial civilization. "Webern saw in the plant a magnificent, thoroughly complete creation," recalls his friend Cesar Bresgen. "He studied in plants the formative forces that were active in them. The organic—the form of living matter that is organized to the ultimate degree—always fascinated him afresh."

In his private classes, Webern talked about Goethe's concept of the "primal plant," the *Urpflanze*, and its analogy to his own art of total variation: "The root is nothing other than the stem, the stem nothing other than the leaf, the leaf in turn nothing other than the blossom—all variations of the same idea." Not so much as a sixteenth note can be out of place in Webern's botanical geometry. The result is a kind of Euclidian reticence and disengagement—what Stravinsky calls "a new distance between the musical object and ourselves."

In 1922 Webern became permanent conductor of a workers' symphony orchestra and chorus sponsored by the cultural bureau of the Austrian Social Democratic Party. He is still remembered as a meticulous and undemonstrative conductor who loved Mahler, Schubert, and Viennese waltzes and who had the rare ability to teach amateurs how to sing and understand the works of Schönberg. The suppression of left-wing parties and proletarian orchestras in 1934 left him suddenly jobless at the age of fifty, and he was barely able to support his family with private lessons and a few guest-conducting assignments. Schönberg emigrated to America in 1934; Alban Berg died in 1935; the Nazis marched into Vienna in 1938. By then Webern had already turned his back on the city's musical life. "I am totally involved in my work and will not, will not be disturbed," he wrote to Hildegard Jone as the *Anschluss* was being celebrated outside in the streets.

He had been allied to the Social Democrats for many years, "but being utterly ignorant of politics,

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he was a ready prey to the personal influence of family and friends," as Kurt List reported in 1943. "Soon he abandoned his first allegiance in favor of more nationalist ideas. This new course may have saved him from the concentration camp, but it did not preserve his music under the New Order." Like all works of the Schönberg school, Webern's slender pieces fell under the Nazi ban against "cultural Bolshevism" and "degenerate art."

During the war he earned a precarious living as part-time editor and copyreader for the Universal Edition in Vienna, his former publishers. Twice he was allowed to visit Switzerland to hear performances of his works sponsored by a wealthy patron in Winterthur. The Webern letters thus far published give the impression that he developed an almost schizoid indifference to what was happening in the outer world. He became more and more deeply absorbed in the mysticism of numbers; Bresgen says that toward the end he was preoccupied with an ideal, hypothetical music that was jotted down in chalk on a table top and then erased, without being committed to paper. "One will hear this music as if it had always existed," he explained. "In fifty years it will be found of itself. Children will already understand it . . . and sing it." In one of his last letters to the critic Willi Reich, Webern summed up the essence of his quest in a quotation from Hölderlin: "To live means to defend a form."

HIS FINAL WORK, the "Cantata No. 2," Opus 31, is dated 1943. When the Russian Army approached Vienna, Webern and his wife fled to Mittersill, near Salzburg. Their only son was killed in the last days of fighting. After the U.S. Army occupied Mittersill, they lived undisturbed for several months with their three married daughters. It was these women who afterward started the rumors and alarums surrounding Webern's death, and nearly succeeded in transforming a classical tragedy into a species of murder mystery.

The basic facts as they first became known to the musical world were stated succinctly enough in René Leibowitz's path-breaking essay on Webern in 1947: "On 15 September 1945 a soldier who had come many thousands of miles and who had never heard of Anton Webern fired a shot and killed him." Other critics, basing their accounts on information furnished by the family, wrote that he had been shot for violating a curfew, but the details were always vague. Nicholas Slonimsky, usually the most dependable of encyclopedists, wrote that he was "accidentally killed by an American sentinel in consequence of his failure to obey a misinterpreted signal to stop." Robert Craft, in his album notes, repeats the rumor that his slayer belonged to "an occupation unit noted for the precipitancy of its trigger fingers."

In Germany and Austria, Webern's martyrdom has become a *cause célèbre*. Josef Polnauer, who edited his letters to Jone and Humplik in

1959, has him "shot down by a drunken occupation soldier as the result of a brutal, senseless misunderstanding." Walter Kolneder writes in a 1961 volume of *Kontrapunkte*: "He was killed by an American occupation soldier turned into a rowdy by the war, who was too hasty in executing his orders. . . . In consequence of the news censorship then in effect, this was disguised as an 'accident.' " From the imputation of manslaughter hushed up by conniving authorities, it is only a short step to Hans Werner Henze's description of Webern as a solitary victim "who no longer had time to speak to his murderers."

THE FACTS of the case, long buried in U.S. Army files, were finally brought to light by a persistent musicologist from Spokane, Dr. Hans Moldenhauer, who spent two years tracking down missing documents and surviving witnesses. As it turns out, the prime mover in the "mystery" was Webern's son-in-law Bruno Mattel, an ex-Nazi engaged in black-market activities. (After the shooting he received a one-year sentence from a military court and then emigrated to Argentina.) As Dr. Moldenhauer retraces the chain of events in his monograph, "The Death of Anton Webern," Mattel tried to obtain U.S. currency and other contraband from a cook in the 242nd Infantry Regiment of the 42nd Division. When the cook, a Pfc. named Bell, reported the matter to his superiors, he and his first sergeant were ordered to deliver the goods Mattel had asked for and then immediately place him under arrest. Two pistols were issued for that purpose.

Webern and his wife were visiting Mattel on the evening the two soldiers arrived. While the "delivery" was being made, Webern stepped outside the house to smoke an American cigar his son-in-law had given him at dinner. In the kitchen the soldiers drew their weapons and arrested Mattel. Leaving the sergeant on guard, Bell rushed out to fetch a waiting intelligence agent. According to the agent's report, "The cook —already in a very excited state— stepped out of the hallway and the house into the darkness and promptly bumped into a figure by whom he felt himself attacked. He fired three shots 'in self-defense' and kept on going. . . ." In the army investigation that followed, the sergeant testified that what happened after Bell left the room "can only be described by me through the distinct sounds I heard. The kitchen door had swung partially closed. I heard the hall door leading outside open; strike the wall as it swung back, fully open; a sharp outcry from Bell, best described by me as surprise; a scuffling of feet on cinders; and then three shots, fired rapidly. I heard no outcry after that except some hysterical shouting by a woman. . . ." (There is no testimony from Bell, who died in 1955.) According to an affidavit filed two days later by his widow, Webern managed to drag himself back into the house but had only strength enough to say, "I was shot" and *"Es ist aus."* Her last observation is like a plaint from Sophocles: ". . . it would be against his nature to attack anybody. . . ."

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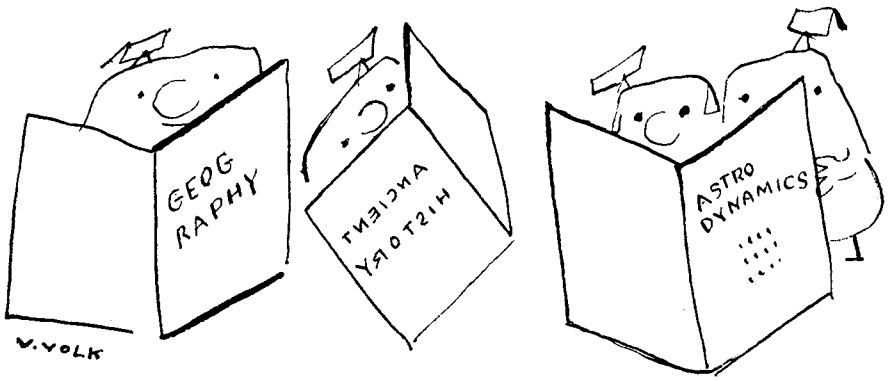
BOOKS



'One Hell of a Professor'

BENJAMIN DeMOTT

FLOOD, by Robert Penn Warren. *Random House. $5.95.*

Should writers teach? A sizzler once, the question no longer carries much charge. Symposia on "The Writer in the Classroom" are out of fashion. Spring Books issues of the liberal weeklies have other literary subjects in view. And the posh critical line of the hour, advanced by Leslie Fiedler among others, holds that the birth of the sixties marked the end of the "academic period" in American letters and the advent of a new literary generation—a generation committed above everything to the Hip-Beat notion that teaching and writing don't mix. There is a chance, of course, that the decline of interest in "writers in residence" is attributable not to new generations but simply to people having talked the subject to death. But whatever the cause, a decline has occurred. After years as a staple of controversy, the old questions about academic influence on creativity are dwindling into topics for research.

When the golden time arrives for such topics, a dozen or more writers besides Robert Penn Warren will doubtless come under special scrutiny. But, for good reason, Warren will be the key figure. Unlike many other "teaching writers," the creator of Willie Stark has, for one thing, been intensely loyal to the academy. Entering Vanderbilt at sixteen, he kept up university connections thereafter for an uninterrupted thirty-five years (Yale, Berkeley, Oxford, Southwestern, Louisiana State, Minnesota); hired as an instructor for his first job, he rose from rank to rank like common academic man, completing twenty-five years of teaching by the time he was fifty.

THE WIDE RANGE of his writing, moreover, will permit graduate students to test tricky theses while exploring it—for example, the thesis that academic influence bores more insistently into poetry than into fiction. (Warren has written lyric poems, narrative poems, short stories, novels, and criticism, as well as historical essays and personal reportage.) And, finally, the original gift vouchsafed to this writer is considerable enough—judging at least from some of his achievements—to bear the weight of a critical inquiry focused on its "development." *All the King's Men*, still Warren's most satisfactory tale, is no fashionable jokebook, sermon, or safe imitation of Henry James; it is a traditional novel, bent on achieving imaginative understanding of a set of events occurring in the world. The author is resourceful and energetic; he engages and re-engages his reader's attention with a hundred variations of narrative pace and mode, and offers old-fashioned solidities of setting and conflict; he maintains, in addition, a reference to significant American motifs (Guilty Success is but one) that lends a pronounced edge of mythic force to his story.

To say that *All the King's Men* is incomparably the best novel ever written by a professor of English isn't to suggest that it has no important deficiencies. What is more, there is evidence in all seven of Warren's novels, including the most recent, that the author's long association with universities has had a share in determining the nature of the defects. Chief among these is excessive self-protectiveness. No "autobiographical novelist" in the usual sense, Robert Penn Warren is nevertheless repeatedly drawn to the character of the Thinking Man. And this character is fussed over in his work like a mannequin by a dresser, turned left, right, up, down to show the good profile, posed now in beach trunks, now in tennis shorts, now with fast women, now at the wheel of a fast car—as though if the Thinking Man weren't constantly cosseted by his creator, nobody would value him. For the reader, who needs an even, comfortable relation with storyteller-guides, the effect of the cosseting is distraction. The narrator again and again snaps out of phase, ceases to be a steady hand interested in the innerness of other creatures. He becomes, instead, a nervously self-regarding type, or even on occasion a huckster—someone delivering public-service commercials for intellectuals. And, to compound the trouble, the commercials aren't clever but fatuous—bald asseverations that reflective guys are regular guys; take one to lunch if in doubt.

THIS PAINFUL defensiveness about brains is highly visible in the book at hand. *Flood* tells two stories. The first is about a screenwriter and a director, advance men for a movie company who settle in a Tennessee town that is about to be engulfed as a dam site in a Federal irrigation master plan. The visitors, heretofore

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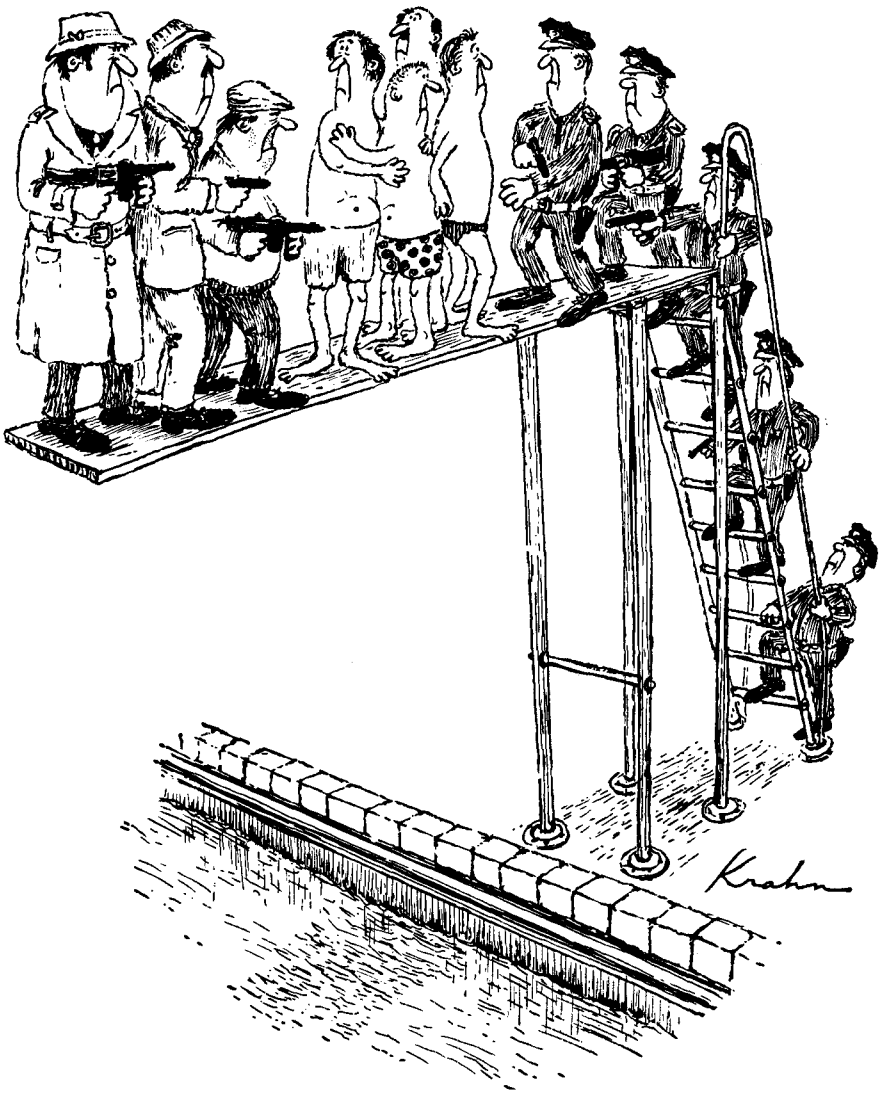
strangers to each other, attempt to release each other's maximum perceptiveness; the crisis of their relation occurs at the moment when, after several differences about "treatments" and scripts, they fix the concept of the film. The second story is a family tale. The town in question is the screenwriter's birthplace; it lays strong hands on his fancy partly because he rose to literary eminence by exploiting materials that it provided, partly because the town was the scene of a depraved early act of his which, as he still believes, stands beyond pardon.

Neither story has the architectural substance and interest that Warren's name once guaranteed. Neither succeeds in translating Warren's meditations on Southern guilt and Southern futures into fresh images or strong scenes. But, to repeat, both testify that the author is still absorbed in his search for ways of marketing Mind. Summaries of the works of Brad Tolliver, the writer in *Flood,* indicate that he is a sensitive, responsive man. But Warren appears to have resolved against any objective portrait of these writerly qualities; Tolliver as regular guy, likable numskull, is the man he wants his reader to see.

The preoccupation with presenting writers and artists as clubbable chaps shows up also in the portrait of Tolliver's director. Yasha Jones is, in two words, an Ivy Superman, an early-admissions type programmed to draw attention, at regular intervals, to the Thinking Man's beauty, biceps, and brio. A moviemaker now, Yasha has performed notably in the past as lover and spy (OSS). But his main claim is that of the Rhodes Scholar: he is a man of aptitudes. Yasha might have been a great surgeon—Harvard Medical School offered him a place; he once was a competent physicist; he has remained a master critic of literature and a superb athlete; and he naturally rouses reverence in everyone he comes in contact with.

Especially does he rouse reverence in his creator. Warren is overcome by the man, incapable of citing one of his aptitudes without alluding to them all. The result is a novel that declines into a series of unintentionally comic appreciative turns. The writer tells his audience that Yasha looks like a professor—and an instant later remarks on Yasha's glamorous past (Bikini dips at Antibes) and awesome muscles ("the grasp was unexpectedly strong"). Yasha sits down to tea, having introduced himself as a physicist—and immediately holds forth on the poetics of Baudelaire, Pound, Eliot, Coleridge, Wordsworth, and Yeats. Yasha solves a complex problem in human relations by bringing deftly into play, in flawless Italian, the one apt quotation from Dante. And a second later somebody observes that he is "a hell of a tennis player. . . . He is beautiful and he is murder. He ran my ass off this afternoon." Everywhere in the book the pattern is the same: compliments to muscle serve to trigger compliments to brain (or vice versa), movements of the author's mind become predictable and mechanical—and all toward no purpose save that of producing a character who resembles Y. A. Tittle imitating a Yale Younger Poet.



The Neutrals

by Fernando Krahn

If the anxiety implicit here were visible only in *Flood,* it would deserve small notice. But it is a fact that cousins and brothers to the Perfect Thinker of this book appear throughout Warren's work. (The best known, perhaps, is the multitalented Jack Burden in *All the King's Men* —low-down talker with high ideals, Trollope enthusiast, Dante quoter, scholar who sweats, historian who becomes a political private eye.) And the

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writer's own desire to be seen as a man with a liking for hard-nosed, book-hating, physical types seems the only explanation of the long line of inorganic Two-Fisted Hellers in his books (Jack Harrick in *The Cave,* Runnion and a half-dozen others in *World Enough and Time,* Frog-Eye in *Flood*). The refrain of *Flood* ("I bet you were one hell of a professor") isn't, to be sure, suited to every kind of novelistic texture. But even in those books of Warren's which offer no easy opening for exercises in academic self-justification, there are thematic reminders of the author's personal unease. Again and again, for instance, this novelist returns to the theme of self-acceptance as the prime human chore—and it isn't wholly fanciful to see a link between that theme and the obstacles facing a college professor who establishes himself as a writer of non-Mandarin fiction.

NAMING THE LINK means acknowledging once more the force of American myths about literary creation—among them the myth that all Real Writers are Redskins. Such myths sit lightly on critics; their inquiries have shown them that the distinction between literary palefaces and redskins in America is better taken as a remark on the sociology of the reading public than as a starting point for analysis of texts. But in the mind of the university-based novelist, to judge from Warren's work, the myths seed deep and push exacerbating conflicts of awareness and loyalty to the surface. Academic novelists know that a university is a symbol of the interests of tradition, order, civilized life; they also know that the need for art springs from a consciousness of disorder. They know that gentility pure and plain is empty; they also know that empty academic gentility isn't worse than the universal slobbism that becomes the rule "outside." They know that the academic bum-reviewer who, after accepting the academy's money for twenty years, suddenly denounces academies as unreal and reviles "professor novelists and poets" is the goon of the trade; they also know that in academic worlds few men over forty have to allow for the possibility of personal economic ruin, and that, while this circumstance doesn't make academic life "unreal," it does have a tendency to make it unrepresentative.

Such knowledge has consequences. It induces examination and re-examination, from too abstract a viewpoint, of the materials for fiction that the writer believes himself to possess. It creates a situation in which characters, settings, themes, sensations, even oaths no longer count simply as means of pointing beyond the self at the world; they become, in addition, means of establishing the writer's difference—instruments by which to hint that, though in the academy, the writer isn't wholly of it. The knowledge also fosters an assessment of attitudes that glances less longingly at truth than at positions that might (slightly) shock colleagues. (Warren's recent comments in the *Yale Review* on the composition of *All the King's Men* include an oblique reference to this last temptation; they indicate that the story of Willie Stark had its genesis in the author's discovery that it would be possible to dissociate himself from genteel disapproval of Huey Long without forfeiting any moral capital.) And at length the knowledge specified forces the writer to retreat to a kind of secondary level of concern, where considerations of status inhibit the imagination and stories become personal allegories that tell nothing save what the author knew before he sat down to write.

The curse of self-consciousness isn't at this moment an affliction known only to academicians. And though academic tone has improved since the time when Robert Penn Warren was an assistant professor at LSU, the changes haven't put an end to the pressure on teachers to be All Boy. Americans still want to believe in the outdoorsman-scholar, the philosopher-mountaineer; more than one academic critic who has teased in print the faintly febrile red-bloodedness of Warren's books has been known to play Tough Boy himself in front of his students; the truth about the famous Situation of the American Intellectual is, of course, that in many ways it still quite simply stinks.

But that observation can't be allowed to obscure the point of moment. The first generation of academic writers, whatever their own losses, whatever the cost of their comfort, did help to create a world in which reductions in the intensity of literary self-consciousness may soon become possible. Custom, after all, does heal; repetition smooths; the "writing seminar" in some institutions already ranks as just one more Slot to be filled—like "Milton" or "The Eighteenth Century." In sum: despite the anti-academic movement cited earlier, there is a chance that a second and third generation of university-based writers (as opposed to occasional poets) will appear—novelist-successors free to take their professorships for granted, free to tell what they know instead of ranting about able seamen at Curaçao or mainlining Lesbians in Tangier or omnicompetent Teaching Fellows whose leaves are spent on horseback improving Mountbatten's backhander.

These generations to come probably won't celebrate Robert Penn Warren as a genius; they may not even be much moved by the thought of the barriers that so quickly closed around his superb storytelling gift. But if they have any brains, they won't forget him: they will acknowledge that a large piece of their own on-the-job luck and ease is owed to this man's demonstration that a writer set down on a university campus could do something else beside whine.

Good-bye, Jean

GERALD WEALES

HARLOW: AN INTIMATE BIOGRAPHY, by Irving Shulman. *Bernard Geis Associates. $5.95.*

Back in the days before the double feature banished short subjects to the art houses, Jimmie Fidler, a kind of male Louella Parsons, starred as narrator in a number of shorts about Hollywood. I remember one from the late 1930's, a nostalgic look at the stars of the distant and recent past, which ended with Jean Harlow center screen. Her image grew smaller and smaller, as though she were fading farther and farther away from us in the audience, as Fidler's voice,

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THE REPORTER Puzzle

Acrostickler® No. 105

by HENRY ALLEN

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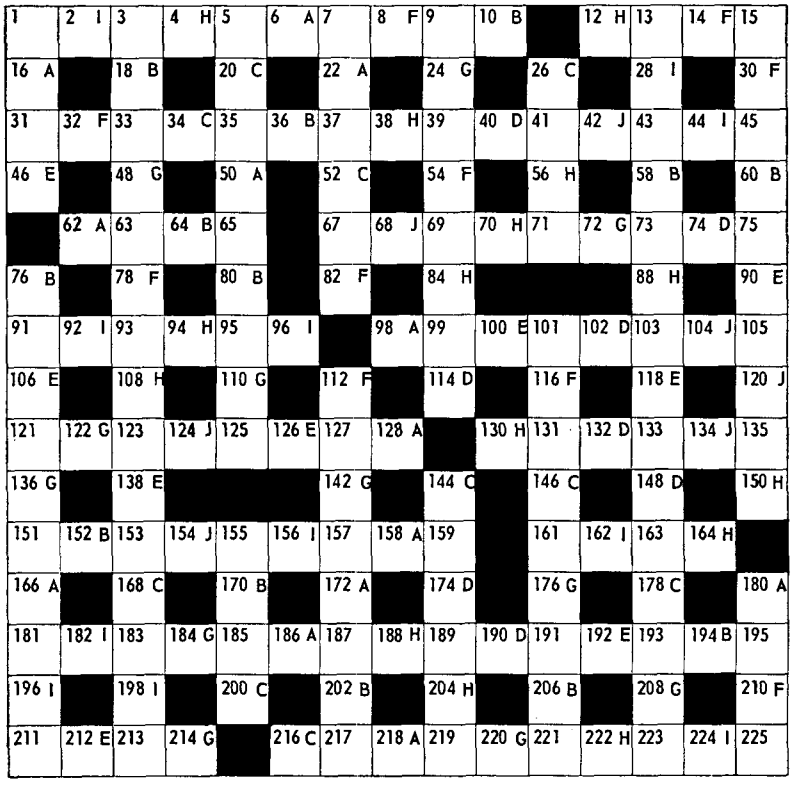
DIRECTIONS

1) Each crossword definition contains two clues. One is a conventional synonym; the other a pun, anagram, or play on words.
2) Letters from the acrostic should be transferred to the corresponding squares in the crossword, and vice versa.
3) The initial letters of the correct words in the acrostic will, when read down, spell out the name of a prominent person: the Acrostician.



A 180 6 62 98 166 186 128 218 16 50 172 22 158 The usual kind of murder (6,7).

B 36 76 206 58 170 10 194 202 60 80 152 64 18 A work of the Acrostician (4,2,3,4).

C 178 168 200 52 34 216 146 26 20 144 Presence of nematode worms in the bloodstream.

D 174 102 40 114 132 74 190 148 Out-Herod Herod.

E 106 138 192 90 212 46 100 126 118 Bridle path in London (6,3).

F 82 14 32 78 210 54 30 116 8 112 Author of "The Hoosier Schoolmaster" (1871) (1,9).

G 220 208 48 122 24 72 184 214 110 142 176 136 Direct thrust with a dagger (8,4).

H 108 56 188 94 88 84 150 12 222 130 164 4 38 204 70 A picture starring Charles Laughton (with "The") (7,2,6).

I 156 224 198 28 196 44 182 96 2 92 162 Province of Spain.

J 68 42 104 134 120 124 154 Slang term for the U.S.S.R.

DOWN

1. See 9 down.
3. George Wallace and Richard Russell tag tiger session.
5. What worn-out soil does to surrender less frequently.
7. Not 216 across, that's for sure, when it's fun at sea.
9. With 1 down, dated diagram? It has a term, at least (4,4,4).
13. Struggle to use kind of fishing gear on Clotho (7,4,4).
15. Necessary things start with a German city.
26. Nuts about a KO.
76. A chief creation of the Acrostician.
101. Deathlessness found in Quat Han, Asia Minor.
112. Khrushchev is this, for example? Wrong (3,5).
144. Fire's hot on board. Nothing to it.
155. Seethe in crab-oil sauce.
180. This Briton may be fifty, etc.

ACROSS

1. Oh, Soup! Huffy, isn't it? Don't let anyone do this to you at cliff edge (4,3,3).
12. Double curve or exclamation?
31. The old Dodgers and the old Fighting Irish (10,5).
62. Repair the terminal last.
67. Angry soft fin, where you go from to the fire (6,3).
91. Declaimed or date?
98. Roman hail in French Tuesday adds up to Spanish coin.
121. Is ink soon a soft cotton fabric?
130. Keen emotion with a brook at last.
151. Lone Eagle of 1927.
161. Seaport in Okinawa and in Havana Harbor.
181. One of fifty named for paternal figure (10,5).
211. Remain in repose.
216. I sit feasts out—not so dangerous (2,2,6).

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briskly sentimental, spoke the benediction: "Good-bye, Jean."

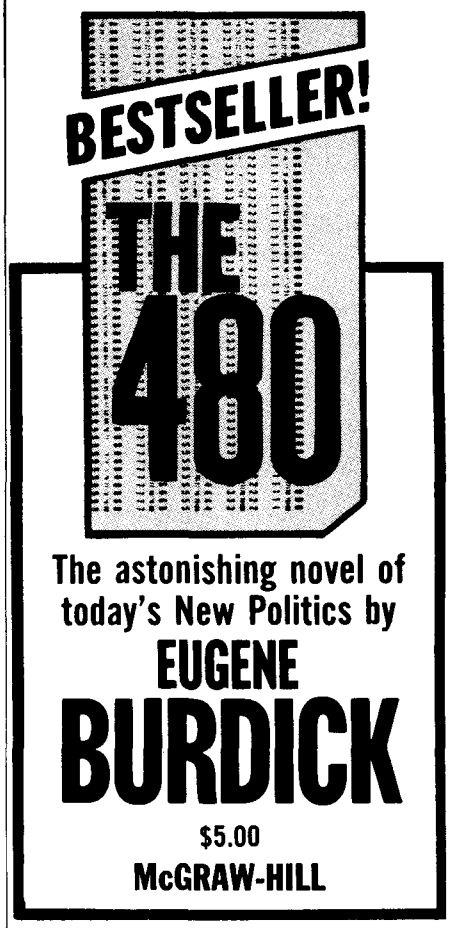
For all that Fidler played it for schmalz, the fadeaway was not simply a lump in the throat; it was an image with truth in it. The death of Jean Harlow in 1937, at twenty-six, had carried off the decade's most famous sex symbol. It was not simply that a popular movie star and an attractive woman had died. As when Marilyn Monroe died in 1962, a point of reference disappeared; a part of everyone's vocabulary—the word "Harlow," which had been used casually, often obscenely—was pushed suddenly into the past. A fact of daily life, as accessible as the neighborhood movie, was transmuted into myth.

The strange thing, in retrospect, is to understand how Harlow ever achieved her eminence. She had minimal talent as an actress. She was good-looking, which is a complimentary way of saying that she was not beautiful—certainly not in the Garbo sense. Anyone who can remember the scene in *Bombshell* in which she runs, bobbingly, across the lawn of the mansion can recall some of her charms, but there must have been hundreds of girls in Hollywood in the 1930's with good bodies and cute faces. There was her fabulous hair, of course, which gave her and a 1931 movie she did for Columbia the name "platinum blonde," but she was also Harlow in red or honey-brown wig.

Portentous phrases like "sex symbol," which I used above, and "sex goddess," which is Irving Shulman's favorite in his biography, are steps to an explanation of Harlow as a phenomenon. The acceptance of a sex symbol, however, is a two-way process. A studio or a smart agent (or the performer herself) can attempt to turn a pretty girl into a symbol, to sell her as every man's dream, but the transaction is not complete until the merchandise is successfully marketed, until the audience buys. They bought Jean Harlow. What she had to sell, however, was much more than a face and a figure; it was the sense of a genuine personality, whether her own or one created on the sound stages—sex with a sense of humor. It is significant that none of the most popular pin-up girls—Betty Grable, Lana Turner, Rita Hayworth—who appeared between Harlow and Monroe ever achieved the special status of these last two, and that both Harlow and Monroe conveyed sex with an obvious element of comedy in it. American audiences seem to want to buy the dream but to keep a grain of salt at hand. Mae West is the performer who most obviously recognized this. Harlow, who was a kind of combination of Mae West and Shirley Temple, and an individual in her own right, kept seduction from becoming ludicrous by suggesting that sex was not all that serious.

The still photographs, the glamor shots of Harlow (there are a few good ones in Shulman's book), fail to convey her personality as a star. Harlow at her most memorable was a creation of three movies—*Red Dust, Bombshell,* and *Dinner at Eight,* the first two directed by Victor Fleming and photographed by Harold Rosson, who became her third husband. Brash, tough, wisecracking, the Harlow of those films took the softhearted, hard-boiled good-bad girl of her earlier movies, glamorized her slightly, kidded her a little, and planted her squarely in the popular imagination. All the awkwardnesses and infelicities that worried Harlow and some of her mentors went into the image: her rump-sprung stance, her flouncing walk, her flailing arms, her metallic voice. Later on, when M-G-M decided to let her become more gentle, more genteel (as in *Wife vs. Secretary*), the bombshell still hovered in the background. It is the bombshell who comes to mind when Jean Harlow is mentioned today.

THE HARLOW I have been describing lies somewhere outside Irving Shulman's "intimate biography." There is a tradition in this country that show-business biographies should be written or ghost-written by mediocre writers who are more anecdotal than analytical, who gush or titter or insinuate, who know or care little about the devices, the mechanism, or the talent that makes a performer impressive enough to deserve a biography. Although Shulman has some reputation as a novelist, his *Harlow* is well within the tradition. Although Louis B. Mayer figures in the book as a villain of sorts, although producers, directors, and co-stars are



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nodded at from time to time, although there are brief glimpses through the studio gates, there is practically nothing in *Harlow* about the making of the star or of her pictures. Studio politics is given some space and the way a studio uses its publicity department to hide its own crimes and those of others is made clear, but even those sections of the book are marred by vagueness, innuendo, and fictional reconstruction.

Shulman's purpose in *Harlow* is to give us the "inside story" on the Paul Bern suicide—his impotency—and Harlow's early death five years later, which he suggests was a result of a beating Bern gave her and her mother's insistence that she could be cured by Christian Science. Between these two events, we get glimpses of Harlow on the prowl, her mother and stepfather fighting or making love, and her endless struggle against debt. Although Shulman's information may be factual, his book is fiction. He reconstructs scenes, invents dialogue. Even if we accept that Jean Harlow told her agent everything and that Arthur Landau told Shulman everything, it is a little hard to believe that either Landau or Harlow, a child in Kansas City at the time, knew what went on in a Chicago hotel room between Jean's mother and the man who was to become her stepfather. It is typical of the book that Shulman thanks a few people "who supplied material only on the condition that their contributions remain anonymous." Gossip from faceless gossips. Nothing about the book makes it sound any more reliable than the M-G-M publicity releases that Shulman quotes with such relish.

Given the material Shulman chose to present, there were two possible approaches that might have given the book some substance. Since the events and the characters are more bizarre and nastier than those in Norman Mailer's *The Deer Park*, Shulman had the possibility for a satire on Hollywood corruption. Given Jean Harlow's short and painful life, he might have drawn a compassionate portrait of a girl victimized by those who made her a star. But lacking satirical point and compassion, *Harlow* is simply a lurid story limpingly told.

Good-bye, Jean!

BOOK NOTES

BRITAIN IN THE SIXTIES: VAGRANCY, by Philip O'Connor. *Penguin Special. 85¢.*

For those who suspect that this is not the best of all possible worlds, and even for those who don't, here is an eccentric and absorbing study. Philip O'Connor—the *Public Baby* man—who has himself been an occasional tramp, writes of people who seemingly elect poverty. His thesis is that society is abnormal, not the few who resist adaptation to it. And certainly the inability of society to "exploit and develop our nascent positive individuality" is a continuing problem. The vagrant—the true nihilist—refuses to co-operate in the illusion that employment is anything but a life sentence. "First we must accept that the supreme parasites, the monarch and the Christ, have by their literal uselessness, achieved their symbolic lustre...." Most tramps, he says, for all that he himself equates poverty with virtue, live in despair; but while the tramp may not be conscious of his own significance, "in him meaning and existence coalesce. *We* may think him."

Mr. O'Connor's book leads to complex questions—the degree to which one can and cannot "help it," the nature of laziness, the idea of responsibility within the human family, the limited application of the principles of religion, the motives of the social sciences, the history of the Poor Laws and the degree to which they have operated punitively, the right to survive of those inadequately equipped to do so. Included are the transcripts of interviews Mr. O'Connor did for the BBC. His lilies of the field constitute a marvelous Shavian gallery—the failed English gent., the gypsy who retailed his own personality, the man without self-respect who tried earning it by excessive deference: "He spoke with the long disconsolate continuity of rain, and all of him seemed to fall to the ground with the same melancholy."

SUICIDE AND SCANDINAVIA, by Herbert Hendin, M.D. *Grune & Stratton. $4.75.*

A provocative analysis, relevant in that it invites serious consideration of American values: how destructive potentially are our own conditioned attitudes towards parents, marriage,

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and children? How adversely can the pressures for success and prosperity operate? The high Scandinavian suicide rate antedates the welfare state, and Dr. Hendin disposes of that possible connection as myth. He does, however, indicate that have-nots rarely kill themselves, although "One can hardly suggest planned poverty as a cure for suicide." Dr. Hendin's primary interest lies in finding the key to a discrepancy. Here are three countries seemingly similar in population, social circumstances, religion, even climate. All also have reliable statistical bureaus. Why, then, is Norway's suicide rate only half that of either Sweden or Denmark?

For his examination into national character, Dr. Hendin, an American psychoanalyst, studied the language, literature, history, and economics of each country. He considered the folklore, the women's magazines, the cartoons, the movies. He listened to the national idiom—recurrent popular phrases can be revealing. Then in free-association interviews both with patients and nonpatients in each country, he sought to establish the basic behavior patterns as taught—to family, to achievement, to anger, to death, and to the afterlife—and the conflicts that followed. A useful and stimulating book, not just because the author writes clearly—no jargon here—but because of the possible future study it opens up. Why, for instance, does the United States reverse the Scandinavian situation? We have a low suicide rate and a disproportionately high homicide rate. Lest anyone jump to the conclusion that there is an inverse ratio involved, note that Great Britain is low in suicide *and* homicide.

CLAREMONT ESSAYS, by Diana Trilling. *Harcourt. $4.75.*

From Mount Olympus—read Morningside Heights—comes Mrs. Trilling, constricted by the armor of her credentials: marriage into the cultural establishment, a rigid Freudian orthodoxy, an anti-liberal bias. The method is roughly pedantry-cum-heart; she lacks irony and proportion to an astonishing degree. "The ultimate pressing question of our time" turns out to be whether we run on flagging tradition, ego, or id.

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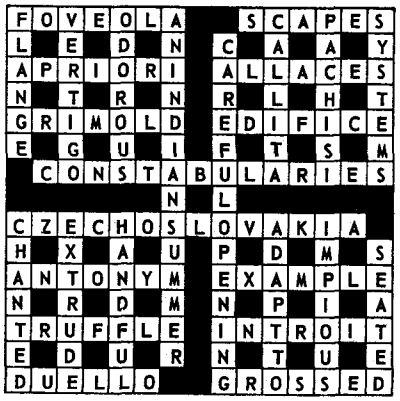

Acrostician—

MARSHAL TITO

lematic. Margaret Mead is nagged for not being Freud and for not being D. H. Lawrence. ("His insight, now so unpopular, is of a kind to which Dr. Mead, the child of her times, dares not aspire.") Gregory Corso, in the famous "One Night at Columbia" (not so incidentally a violation of the academic confessional), is, on the other hand, somewhat admirable: he utters obscenities "only with considerable personal difficulty." To Dr. Oppenheimer she ascribes motives; she rewrites his lines. He says such-and-such "when what he really should have said of himself" was. . . . He "should have understood and frankly admitted that. . . . he would then never have. . . ." Etcetera.

Profumo she dismisses in inverse snobbism: probably "nothing in his life of privilege had prepared him for an act of moral bravery." Stephen Ward, on the other hand, is commended for courage. He "quietly committed suicide but, it is important to note, after, not before, he stood trial." We must, it seems, find him a tragic hero, who did not cringe and whose death "left us with such a large residue of unresolved confusion and embarrassment." All of us, she claims—for are not we all sensitive?—must assume responsibility for his isolation. This rambling discussion wanders densely into the Marxist thicket of the *Lumpenproletariat* and the Freudian jungle of the "polymorphous perversity of normal human infancy." In a similar excursion into soapsuds, Mrs. Trilling explains the death of Marilyn Monroe and what it means to us intellectuals. "Certainly it strains justice as well as imagination that the world's most glamorous woman should have been alone, with no date, on a Saturday night." Mrs. Trilling generously hopes that at her funeral something was read "of an elevated and literary kind, such as might be read at the funeral of a person of the first intellectual rank."

NEW WIND IN A DRY LAND, by Margaret Laurence. *Knopf. $5.95.*

"Nothing can equal in hope and apprehension the first voyage east of Suez, yourself eager for all manner of oddities, pretending to disbelieve in marvels lest you appear naïve, but anticipating them just the same, prepared for anything, prepared for nothing, burdened with baggage—most of it useless—unburdened by knowledge. . . ." Margaret Laurence's husband, anxious to do work that needed doing, went to Somaliland some ten years ago to build a series of dams. Mrs. Laurence recounts their two years in a desert in transition between the old tribal and the encroaching western ways.

She did not want to be a Memsahib—"a word which seemed to have connotations of white man's burden, paternalism, everything I did not believe in." Deference distressed her. Her own bias was not against the Africans but against the still resident empire builders—as a Canadian, she bridled at the superior airs of some of the English. Quickly she learned the difficulty of speaking out of one culture and of being heard from out of another. She slackened her pace. "The land was not aware of me. I might enter its quietness or not, just as I chose. Hesitantly at first, because it had been my pride to be as perpetually busy as an escalator, I entered." Appalled at her own brash questioning, she learned that "people are not oyster shells, to be pried at." She tried to understand Muslim fatalism, and caught herself in unintentional condescensions and elaborate games. She had to curtail her impulse to interfere, to improve. She wanted to be liked and was confused when a relationship would backfire in a complex of miscommunications. "We could never entirely see, for we had not worn his sandals, nor looked through his eyes." Gradually, she came to understand that "the strangest glimpses you may have of any creature in the distant lands will be those you catch of yourself." She too had, after all, been of the company of empire builders. When her husband relinquished his post to the first Somali engineer, their regret was real; they had loved a land where they must remain strangers. Mrs. Laurence writes beautifully, with humor, modesty, and honesty, and her descriptions of the desert are lyrical.

The Tomorrow-Tamer, a fine collection of her African short stories, and *The Stone Angel*, a powerful novel set in Canada, have both also just been published by Knopf.

——NORA MAGID

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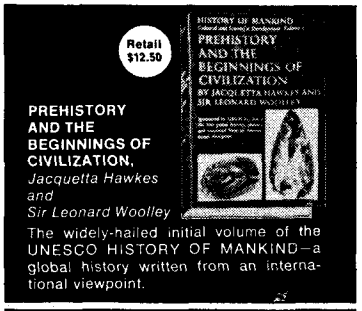

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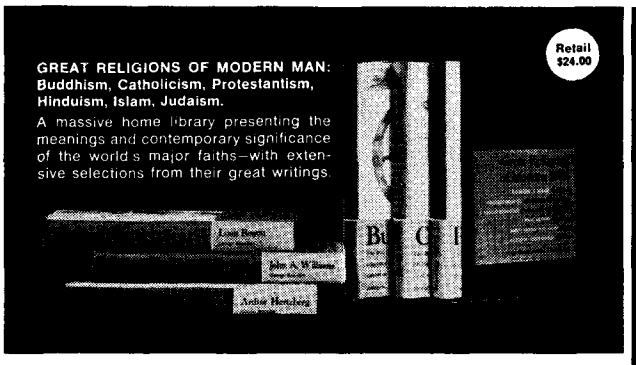

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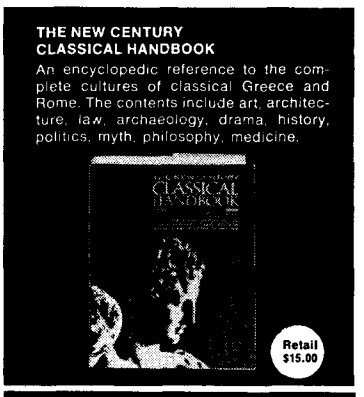

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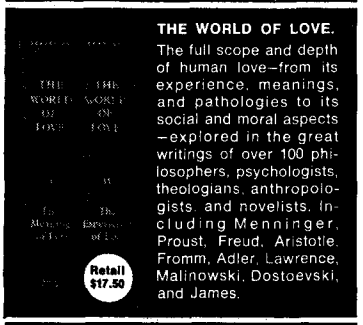

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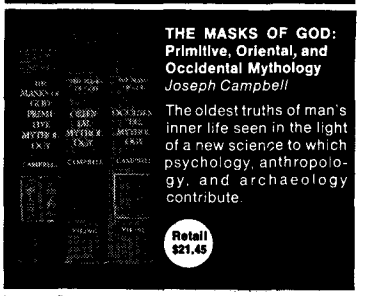

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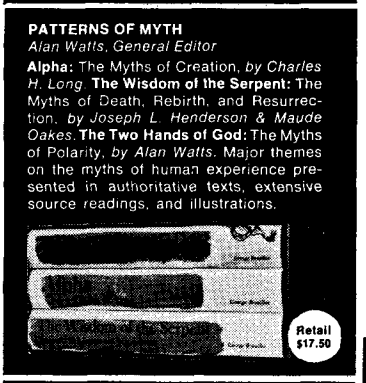

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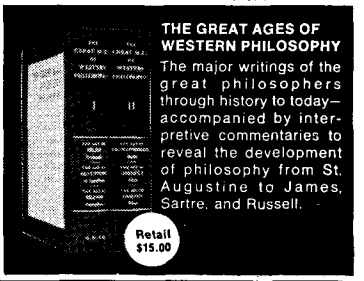

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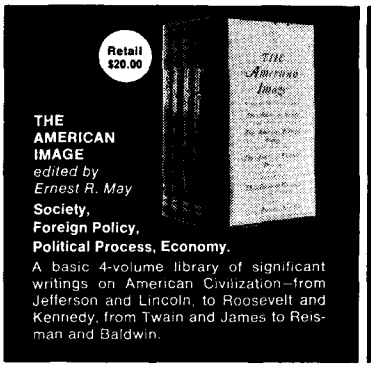

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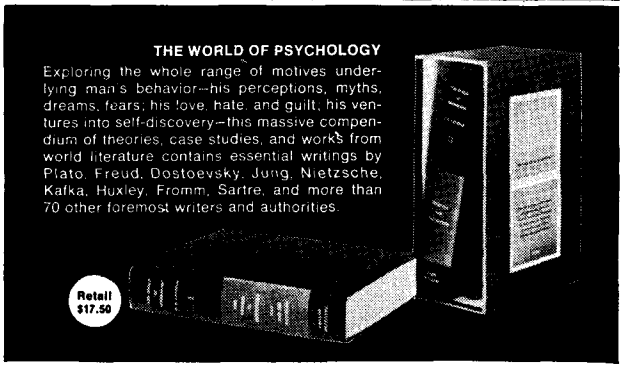

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